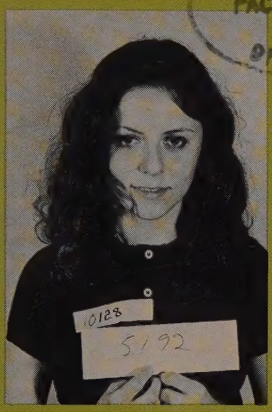
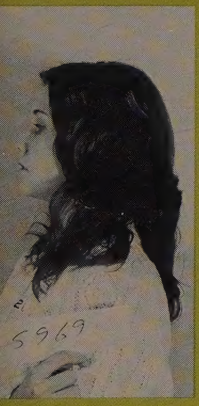
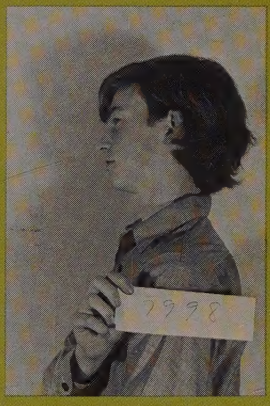
Youth

MAY 1972

PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION





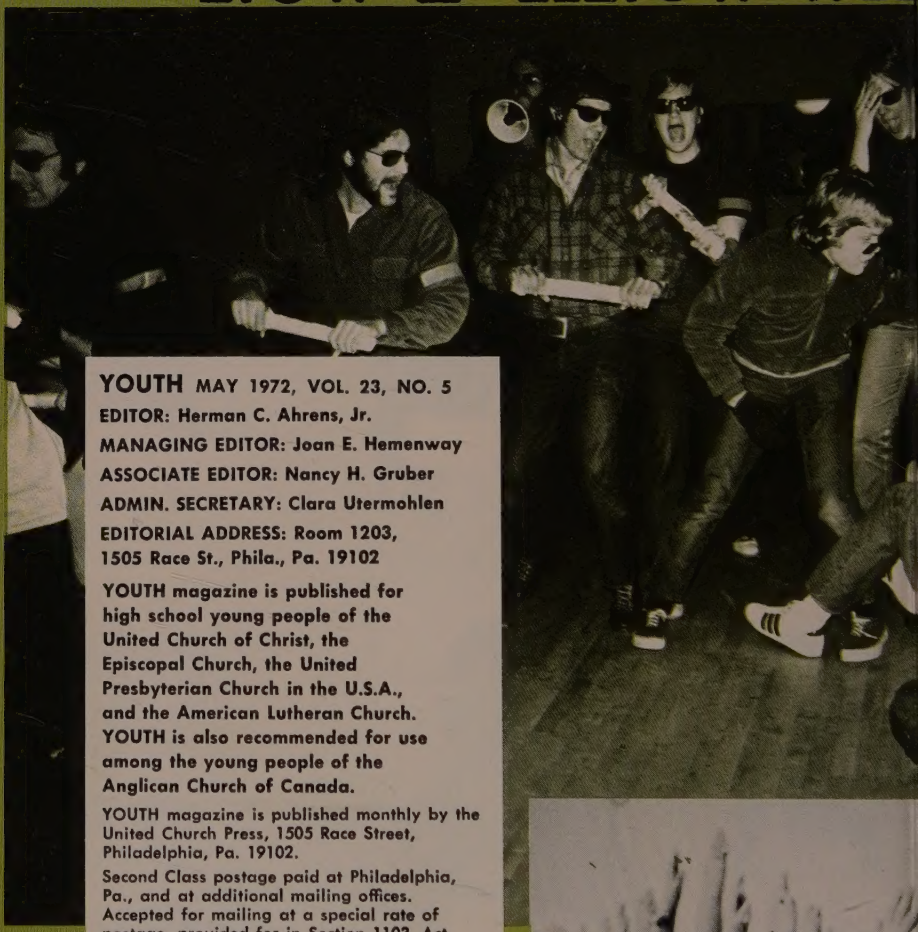


"JAIL" TURNS SISTER AGAINST SISTER

DON McLEAN'S OWN LIFE STYLE

A GUIDE FOR NEW YOUNG VOTERS

NOW I KNOW WH



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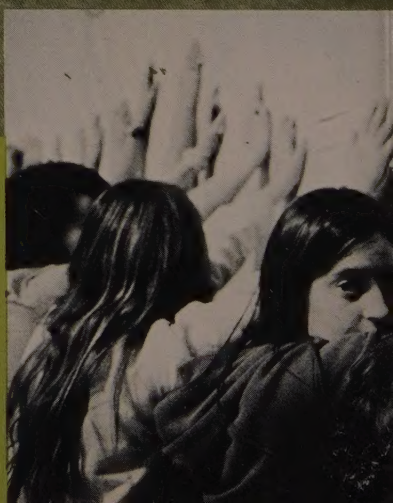


TTICA HAPPENED

California teens get a glimpse of prison life—from both sides of the billy club.

Story and photos by Bob Fitch

"Up against the wall!" the guard shouted through a bullhorn. "You are all now in a temporary detention center. You will soon be processed, but until then, keep your hands up against the wall!"

The guard's voice was drowned out by the angry protests of about 70 teenaged "prisoners" who had massed at Alternative Futures, a San Francisco simulation center. They were there to take part in a mock arrest, the beginning of a week-long conference on prisons. I was there to photograph and record the experiment.

Through the lens of my camera, the arrest had a kind of dream-like reality. I've photographed some hard news situations—riots in the South, in Washington and in the Berkeley area—and this simulation of the real thing was very convincing. The teenaged guards carried billy clubs made of rolled-up newspaper, and wore sunglasses. They pushed and shoved and hit people who got in their way. When prisoners resisted the arrest, they were very rudely and brutally shoved aside, grabbed and slapped up against the wall. The noise of screaming, whomping of the clubs, slapping and hysterical squealing was almost deafening.

The guards positioned themselves in a "flying wedge"—one shoulder apart, in a backwards vee formation. With their clubs at chest-level, they lunged forward and broke up a tight knot of prisoners.

Pre-game strategy for the guards: violence games and lunge exercises

"You can make it easy on yourselves cooperating!" a voice announced over bullhorn.

"Hah, I bet," a prisoner shouted ba

"Oh, you're one of those **funny** gu aren't you?" a guard said, shoving back to the wall.

The guards had had some train earlier in the day for their roles. Under direction of adult counselor Jim "Moo Parsons, they had played "violen games," and practiced looking stern. " didn't want them cracking a smile w they saw their friends," Moose said. "A we had to place strict limits on how m force they could actually use. We did want people overreacting."

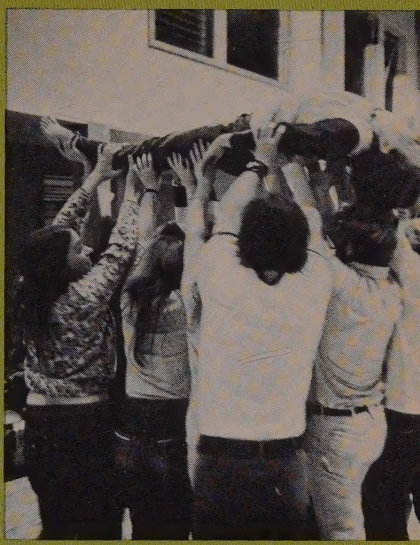
The prisoners, on the other hand, spent the afternoon getting to know ea other through encounter techniques. T played "trust games," with a circle of p ple holding up one member of the gro and raising him in the air. A gentle, frie ly meeting of people.

The real differences between the guar to-be and the future prisoners had co at dinner time. The guards went out fo delicious Chinese meal. The peons salad. When the simulation began at p.m., the prisoners were hungry a thirsty. The guards were passing arou mugs of cold water among themselv slurping over it, gloating that they co drink and the prisoners couldn't.

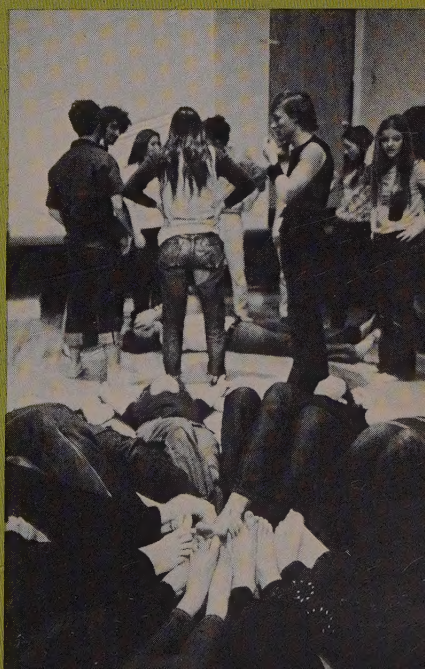
When the worst of the terrible noise the big hall died down, the actual p cessing began. Guards stood at a lo table shouting very short instructio "Hey you!" a young woman called. "S this and fill out the card. Fill it out righ

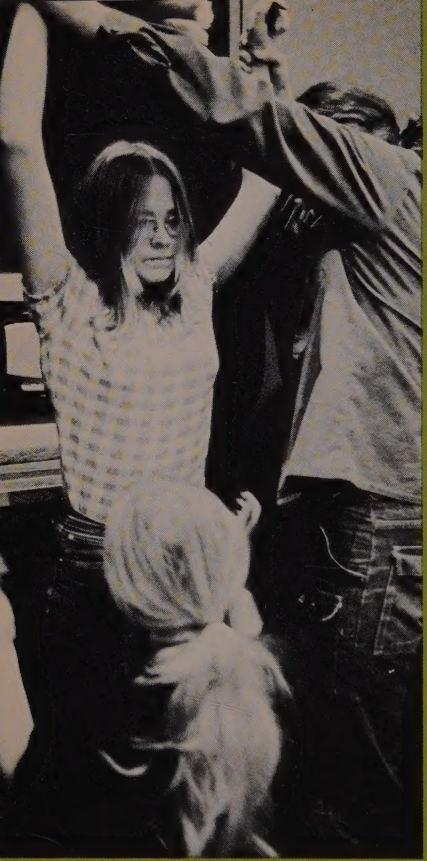
Her prisoner gestured wildly, preten ing he didn't speak English. He was p

ssed through with just squiggles and
rks on the card.
"Don't play around!" the guard warned.
his isn't games!"
Before the prisoners knew what was
ppening, numbers were slapped and
ed across their chests. "Memorize it,
d know it," the guards ordered. Next
me the fingerprinting, followed by a real
sk. I've seen frisks before, and this one
s very thorough—up the sides of the
gs, the body, the armpits, and a check
all pockets. All personal effects were
ken and placed in manila envelopes.
When all the mug shots had been taken,
e guards escorted the prisoners to two
ge rooms in the basement—one for the
en and one for the women. The prisoners
re really hungry and thirsty by this
ne, and many were resisting the guards.
e boy was placed in a closet-like room
solitary confinement—and managed to
eak out three times. Each time he was
abbed and returned to the closet.
"Why are you using these methods of
nishment?" I asked one of the guards.
"We don't want anyone getting hurt, or
tting out of line," she replied. "When
ople get out of line, then it has to be
monstrated that we are more powerful
an they are." She was busy with a pris-
er who was lying on her stomach, but
o refused to keep still with her hands
hind her back, as ordered. "If she moves
ain, she'll be swatted," the guard con-
med. "If she moves repeatedly, then she
l have her hands and legs taped."
"These people haven't gotten water," I
mplained to another guard in the boys'
tention room.
"They'll be getting some," the guard
sured me. "But we have to take care



For the prisoners: gentle trust games and a friendly circle of bare feet





When "prisoner" Marion Hills was processed, she gave the guards a hard time, resisting when they tried to fingerprint her. The guards retaliated by tying her up on the floor.

of one operation at a time."

"Another complaint," I persisted. "The prisoners haven't been given their right

"Right on!" a nearby "convict" shout "I want to be informed of my rights!"

"Then be advised—be quiet!" the gua said.

"He's lying," he added. "It's not common for a prisoner to claim that rights have been violated. It happens the time, especially in centers like t where we take in mass numbers of peo at one time. They think they know the better than we do—they watch T.V. a they think they know their rights."

The prisoners, in fact, had **not** be informed that whatever they said co be used against them. I suppose that w part of the game, part of the plan to press upon people what a frustrating thi prison can be.

Shortly after 11:30, fighting broke between two prisoners and the guards the men's cell block. It was pretty hea and the other prisoners didn't join in. then two prisoners tried to escape throu a bathroom window. One girl cut her a quite badly. The guards were getting real workout, and complained of be tired.

Upstairs, the young adult counsel who acted as monitors and overseers the game had gathered. They were w ried—the game was getting out of ha There was too much real violence, much overreacting, especially in the me cell block.

"What do you say we cut them loo right now?" Moose asked. "If they wa to continue this kind of stuff . . ."

"I agree," said Dove Magnall. "I thi the point has been made. The emotions

eing busted, going to jail, being muscled round—they've been felt. And now it's one beyond that, and every one of the uys down there thinks he's George Jackon. And he's going to be a martyr, and ie trying to do what he wants to do. ney don't really know that if we were **real** uards we'd have real clubs and we'd reak their heads open."

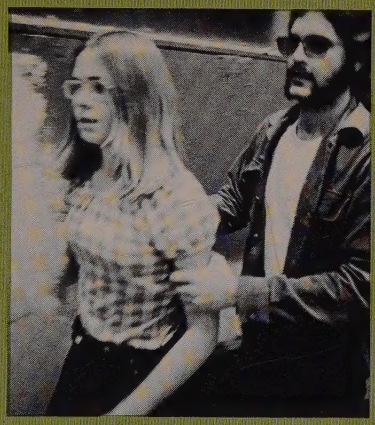
The simulation was to have lasted for full 24 hours. At 12:43 a.m., just two ours after it had begun, it was called to halt. The guards removed their sunlasses and put down their clubs. They ined the prisoners in a huge "friendship rcle," hugging and kissing, relieved at eing released from their roles, "human" nce again.

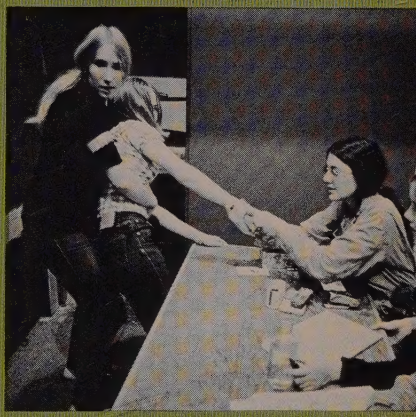
"How are you feeling?" I asked one f the girls just after the game ended. he had been screaming, scratching, cryg, fighting. "Are you all right?"

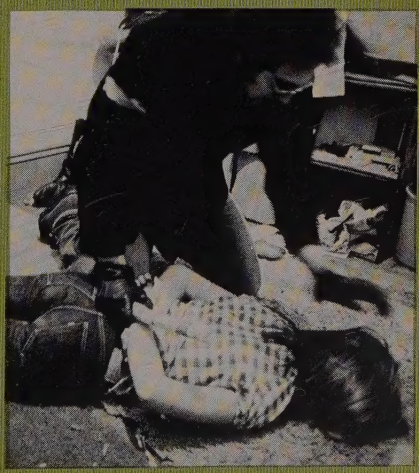
"Sure, I feel fine," she replied, surrised at my question.

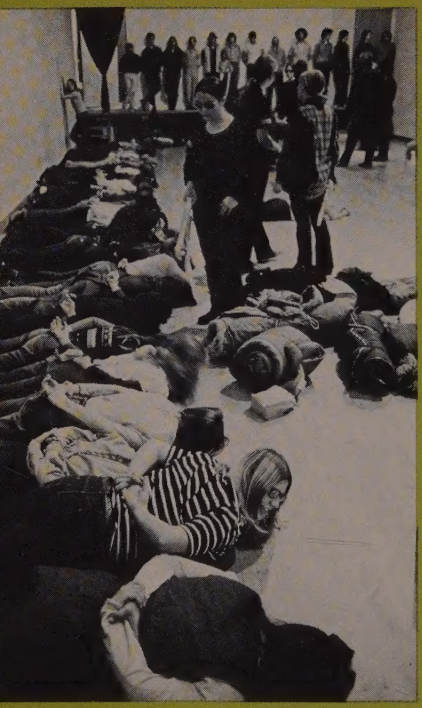
She was only one of the many people ere who seemed to slip out of her role as uickly and easily as she had gotten into . It amazed me that these young people ould act so convincing during the simulaon. Could it be that a great deal of teenge suburban life is, in fact, role-playing—school, in church, at home—for parents nd other adults? Could this explain why ese young people were able to do such perb jobs of acting? These teenagers on't meet real prisoners. They don't ave friends or know people who are on elfare. They know a limited number of eople from minority races. But they're uite astute at determining adult's expections and playing to them.

The following morning I spoke with

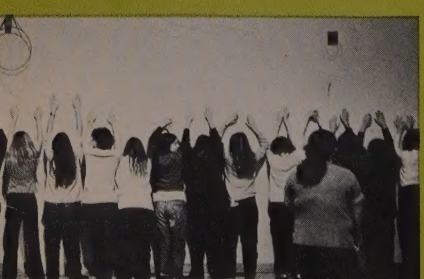








Prisoners were surprised and disturbed when they saw that the guards were taking the game seriously.



many of the young people, both prisone and guards. I asked former prisoner M ion Hills, a high school student from M desto, Cal., how she'd been able to swit so quickly from "hate" to "love" wh the game ended. Marion, too, had resist the guards vigorously.

"When the game was over," she sa "the guards were people again — friends whom I could love, and relate During the game they were just figur with billy clubs. I didn't recognize a sing person. And I hated them all."

Marion's behavior during the game w a real surprise to her. "I thought I'd calm and peaceful," she said, "but I rea resented the authority that the guards ha Anyway, I got pretty rowdy, and that su prised me. I've always thought of myse as a kind of quiet person who just go along with everyone else.

". . . the more I think of it," she we on, "we were treated like animals. At lea I know I **felt** like an animal."

Other prisoners shared Marion's vie that they could not see the guards as h man beings. "I really started hating," sa 15-year-old Gwen Campbell. "I just wante to get back at them for their beating o me. I never thought that in one hour could start hating people that I real love."

"But you **knew** it was a game," I sai

"Maybe I'm too gullible," she said. "B I can start believing things when I **kno** they aren't real. Like when I got hit fo laughing and turning my head to get th hair out of my eyes—I just started belie ing the whole thing. I can't imagine ho I'd be if I were ever in a real prison! B cause I **hate** people telling me what to d —even in a classroom where you have t

: there and take what the teacher tells u!"

The guards' training before the simu-ion had prepared them to take the whole ing seriously. Their no-nonsense ap-oach to the game really threw the pris-ers off.

"It blew my mind that those guys would ally hit me," said released convict Bob ewolf. "When I went limp they beat on e—and it hurt! They were completely raight—no laughing or joking around. wasn't prepared for that."

Bob, 17, considers himself a pacifist, d he was one of very few who even at-mpted to use any passive resistance chniques at all. Ultimately, however, Bob t up such a struggle that the guards rew him into solitary confinement, from ich he escaped three times.

"How do you reconcile your fighting ck, with your pacifism?" I asked him.

"I didn't really fight," he said. "I just uggled a bit. I couldn't just sit back d watch the guards hit people. I guess was trying to upset the works, trying to oel against what they were doing."

Bob agreed that he might not have acted e same way under different, or "real" cumstances. "If they'd had real weap-s, they'd have shot me down when I ran ay," he admitted. "And that wouldn't ve served any purpose at all. But the nulation **was** a game to me. My emo-ns were realistic, but I don't think my tions were."

"I'm an active person," he continued, nd to be held in a cell all day would ve me crazy. I can't stand suppression even things like the dress code at school ke me very uptight."

Bob's brief hint of what prison life could

Whether "convicts" resisted or just went along with the game, they all agreed later that they'd felt dehumanized by the experience.

Guard vs. Prisoner . . .
"THE GAME BECAME TOO REAL"

Karen and Chris Gotthardt, sisters from Fremont, Cal., get along pretty well most of the time. Or so they thought until the prison simulation threw them into a very unpleasant conflict. Seventeen-year-old Chris played the part of a prisoner. Karen, a year younger, was a guard called upon to "control" her own sister, among others. By the time the game was called off, late in the evening, both Chris and Karen were in tears, unwilling or unable to speak to each other. It wasn't until the next morning that they were able to talk about what happened.

Chris explained how she and other female prisoners had been lying on their stomachs, with their hands behind their backs. "We were just talking," she said, "and I'd only said one word. All of a sudden I looked up and Karen was standing over me, looking full of authority. And she hit me really hard on the backs of my legs. When I yelled at her, she hit me again!"

"We were instructed to hit them if they weren't quiet," Karen said. "And they were giggling—the whole bunch."

"That's what got me," Chris said. "I thought this was just a game—a simulation of how it's supposed to be. And before Karen hit me, it **was** a game."

"That's probably why I hit her," Karen said. "To show her we weren't kidding around. To make her take the game seriously. I guess I'm really an organized person, and I wanted the simulation to work out the way we'd planned. And I got really upset when Chris and the others did things they never could do in a real prison. Because they were supposed to get the feeling of being **real** prisoners."

"But I think we **did**," Chris interrupted. "Because although I love sister, at that moment I hated With those sunglasses and that sti didn't see her as my sister, or ever a human being. She was like a R of robot programmed to go out hit—and control."

"I felt so much guilt," Karen s "that I just wanted the game to st Chris looked so hurt at what I'd d that I just wanted to hug her or so thing. I felt such a need to be given."

When the game ended, howe Chris refused to talk with her sis "I really shoot off at the mouth w I'm angry," she explained, "and I afraid I'd say a lot of things I di mean. I feel better today, but last ni I really felt a lot of resentment tow Karen."

What does all this say about penal system? For Chris, as a prison the most frustrating thing was the solute control, to which she could answer back. "I just wanted v geance," she admitted. "I wanted lash out more and more at the guar who seemed to become more and m power-hungry. I don't see how anyo can learn any lesson in jail. I do think our society has really found way to cope with crime yet."

"If real guards can do what we h to do—and worse," Karen reflect "then they must have lost someth of their whole. And yet, although I n er wanted to hit anyone, I did do I haven't got it clear in my mi whether I was acting or whether it w kind of in between acting and reali It's frightening. Because if I could my sister and my friends—the peo I care about most—then maybe I co hit anyone."

n the game
ed, no prisoners
guards were
e relieved than
is and Karen
thardt.

be frightens him, for he feels there is a chance he may some day spend time in jail because of the Draft. "I won't fight," he said. "And this whole thing makes it very clear to me how bad prison would really be."

For 17-year-old prisoner Jerry Blakeley, the most striking thing about the experience was the complete loss of identity. "The main thing I got was a feeling of frustration," he said. "I was lying on the floor, and my face hurt, and maybe I could have gotten up and said, "I don't like this,' but they would have thrown me right back down again. I guess I was a pretty passive prisoner, really, but you couldn't **do** anything. I could have said, 'well, I demand my rights,' but all they would have said back is 'you're not going to get them.' So you just lie there and suffer.

"Frustrations just built up so much," Jerry continued. "In two hours we had three uprisings—three riots in just **two** hours! And we were only playing a game. It's easy to see how in real prisons the prisoners start riots. I would. I can understand now why Attica happened."

To the young people who played guards, the most revealing thing about the simulation was their own capacity for violence —even in a game.

"I really got into the part," said 16-year-old guard Katy Ploeger. "I was really hitting the prisoners and being terrible. Then it all came down on me after the game was called off, and I just started crying. I thought I was a pacifist—I had no idea I could be that mean."

"Does your behavior during the game say anything to you about prison conditions?" I asked.

"I've always been told that prisons

aren't all that bad," she said. "Society's implanted that in my mind. But I'm now starting to doubt it."

Wendy Welles, 16, was a guard who had helped to process the prisoners. "People came in and they didn't know what they were supposed to do, and they all felt out of place. I just yelled orders at them without explaining why they had to do it—I just told them to do it.

"All the time I couldn't look them in the face. I didn't like the game at all, especially when people were really upset and crying. Some people thought it was a big joke, and I was mad at them, because I wanted the game to go smoothly and right. I think it would have been easier, though, to be a prisoner. Then you'd have a choice about whether you were going to be quiet, or loud, or rebel. The guards just had to be mean."

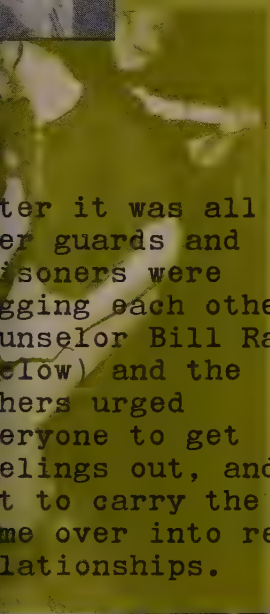
"Do you think you learned anything from being part of this?" I questioned. She looked somber. "I learned that I can play a role even though it's not really me," she said. "And I learned that I would never want to go to prison."

"I kept thinking of the people who were really in prison," said another guard. "It would really harden somebody. It hardened me just to do it for a few hours."

"At first it bothered me to hit people," said another. "But later I began to feel powerful and I didn't want the game to stop—even though it was getting out of hand. I **liked** that feeling of power."

John Anderson, a clergyman who was one of the adult counselors, said, "I have a notion that any one of us could be cast into the guard role very easily."

A couple of days later, I realized that our first reaction to conflict is usually



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unselor Bill Ray
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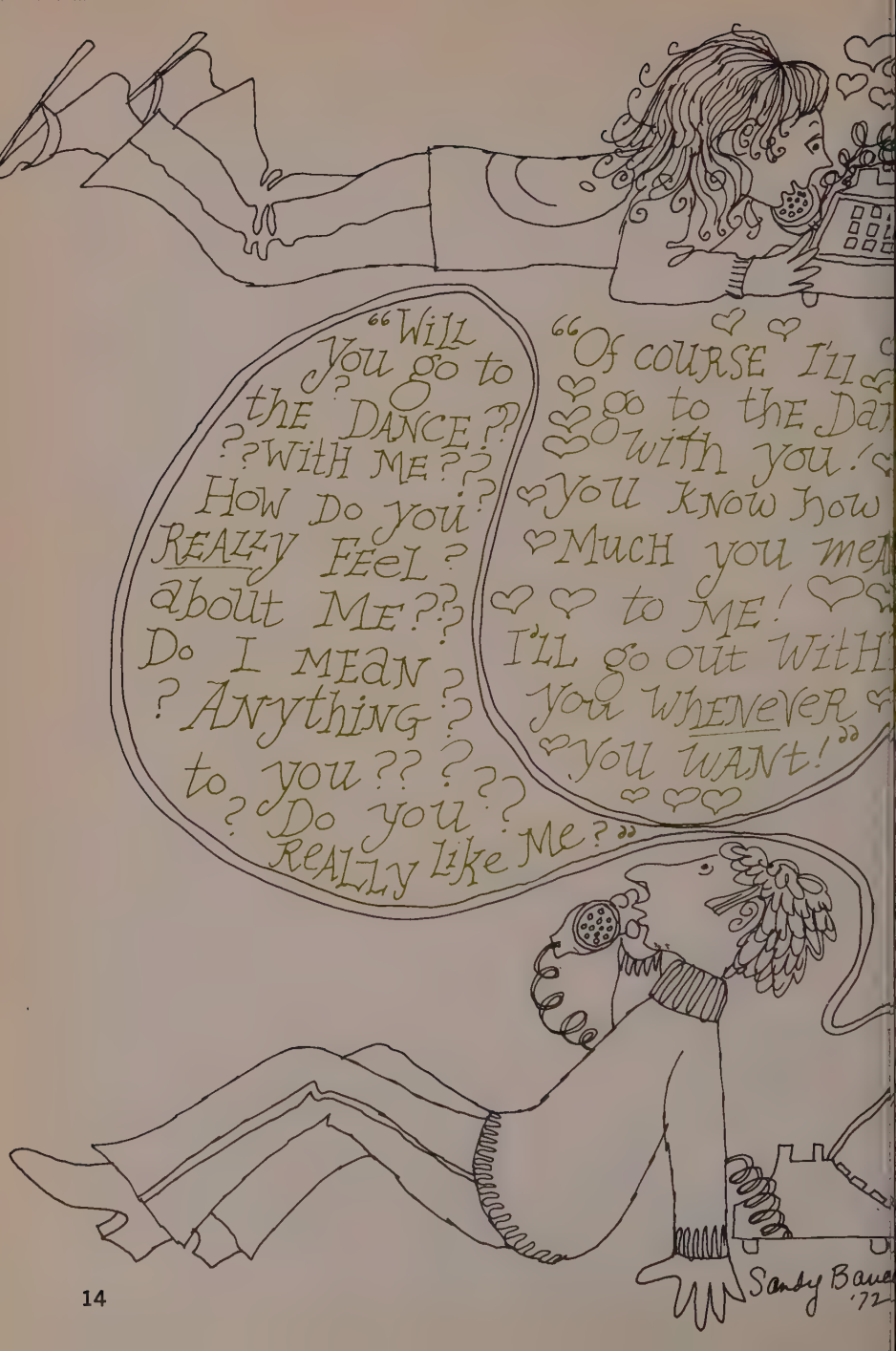
violence. It's much more difficult to be nonviolent than to lash out in anger.

So difficult, perhaps, that nonviolence is rarely part of our curriculum. By far the most common reaction that both prisoners and guards had to the difficult situations was violence. Very few seemed to realize that there **are** a lot of things you can do before resorting to force. You can try any of the nonviolent tactics such as **non**-cooperation. People can even try cooperating, or at least **talking** to each other. The "prisoners" in the simulation could have tried to organize themselves.

When things got out of hand at Alternative Futures, there were counselors present who could help the participants get their feelings out when the game was over. They insisted on this so that the young prisoners and guards would not carry any resentment, any "excess baggage" into their personal relationships. And watching this prison simulation, it became very clear to me that such games should not be undertaken by just anyone. They **must** have the guidance of experienced, professional leaders. People like Bill Ray, the young black psychologist who has guided simulations many times before at Alternative Futures.

"It wasn't just a simulation of prison," Bill said. "It was a simulation of control—of oppression. The question is, if it's so upsetting in a game, what are you going to do with your life style next week when you aren't here? Perhaps you can start now to be more sensitive about what you are doing to other people."

Bob Fitch is a photojournalist from Oakland, Cal. who has several books to his credit. His latest, "Coming Out," is the story of David Harris and Joan Baez Harris.


"Will you go to the DANCE?? ??With ME??? How Do you REALLY FEEL? about ME??? Do I MEAN ? ANYTHING ? to you?? ??? ? Do you ?? REALLY like Me?"
"Of COURSE I'LL go to the Da with you! You know how MUCH you mea to ME! I'LL go out WITH you WHENEVER you WANT!"
Sandy Bauer '72

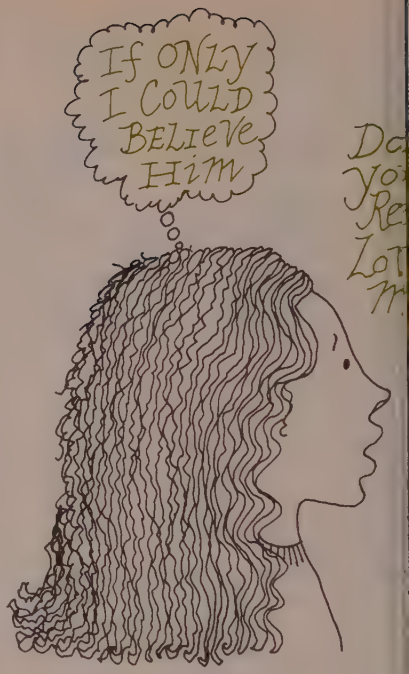
how can i know when my friend is telling the truth?

BY BARRY BRICKLIN, Ph.D.
AND PATRICIA M. BRICKLIN, Ph.D.

"Dear Doctors: I'm 17 years old, nd I go with a girl who is 15. Ve've gone together for almost two ears. My question is, how can I now when she's telling the truth? he doesn't tell out-and-out lies. ut a lot of times she says we'll o something together, and then hen the time comes she changes er mind or suddenly has some-ning else to do. I guess what I eally want to know is how can I ell when she means what she says?

"When I speak to her on the hone she says she cares about me. he even says she loves me. But ore and more she's found reasons hy we can't keep dates we've ade. She even told me she had do something for her mother on e night of a dance we'd planned go to for at least two months. e gets angry if I question her, nd there's really no way I can eck on her without starting a hole hassle, like 'Don't you trust e? If you don't trust me maybe e shouldn't go out anymore.'

"On the phone I feel close to her. But when I'm with her things aren't the same. How can I know when she means what she says? . . ."



Civilized humans seem plagued with an inability to shake themselves loose from the power of words. They are enchanted by words, fooled by words, led around by the nose through words, cheated by words, made to suffer irrationally through words, betrayed by words . . . and yet they won't let go. They impute a degree of trust to words that words, by their nature, have no right to possess.

We have said this before, but perhaps we haven't spelled it out in detail: the things a person says about himself constitute just about the shakiest data you would want to use in coming to any conclusions about that person. We're not referring here, of course, to intuitively sensitive people or trained psychotherapists who are able to read between the lines in coming up with their judgments. We are referring to the vast majority of people who want so very much to take others at verbal face value.

What this boy's "girlfriend" really "means" is coming across loud and clear—not in her words but in what she does. A person *is* his or her chronic and typical actions. People are not what they say, but what they do.

Does this mean the boy's girlfriend is deceitful? Is she taking advantage of him, or playing him for a sucker? Although we can't be sure, it is qu likely she isn't—at least if by " ceit" we refer to a conscious a willful *intention* to deceive. For sad truth of the matter is that often fool even ourselves with things we say out loud to others. Wh the girl is home alone with nothi to do, she may imagine, in her bo dom, that she cares for the boy. E when the chips are down it is *actions*, not her words, that show h she really feels.

In a previous article, we told h easily people fool themselves in t regard. If you would like to kn how you really feel about someo sure, *ask* yourself how you feel. Y

ll get at least *some* data. But then, round out your knowledge with ta from a much more accurate ırce, ask yourself: "How do I typi-lly *act* when I am with so-and-so?" ow you feel will show up in your ttern of typical actions.

Notice that in all this discussion have referred to the ways in which person *typically* acts. By this we an to emphasize that one should t come to conclusions on the basis only a single, or just a few obser-ions. People only reveal themselves their *typical* actions.

This complexity exits even at a ilosophical and scientific level. Hu-ns rarely have a single, or unified

Civilized humans seem plagued by an inability to shake themselves loose from the power of words.

or crystal-clear attitude toward *anything* in their lives, let alone toward other humans. Interpersonal attitudes are especially complicated. Even your attitudes toward your parents aren't crystal-clear. You harbor a collection of attitudes — loves, angers, hurts, jealousies, perhaps even hatreds—and the way you behave at any moment reflects not only the prevailing intermix, but also the demands and qualities of the existing environmental layout. When your parents are being kind to you, your loving attitudes may in greatest part be activated. And when they are not being kind, the negative ones will rise to the surface and be acted out.

The point of all this is that actually it hardly makes sense to ask another person how he feels about so-and-so. How he feels is really, at bottom, a statistical phenomenon. If a person were to answer a "how do you feel about so-and-so?" question in a scientifically accurate way, he would have to rattle off the percentages and proportions of all his attitudes toward that person. Furthermore, he would have to specify a complicated set of relationships between these attitudes and typically-encountered external layouts. Verbally, this would be a hopeless task. Luckily, there is another way this information can be

Words have such a power over us that we can quite easily fo ourselves, as well as others, by what we say. If you really want find out how somebody feels, you can't stop with listening. You' got to start watching—for actions DO speak louder than word

had: by observation. *Watch* the person in whose attitudes you are interested, and over a period of time he will give enough examples of his behavior in different situations for you to come up with some estimation as to how he *really* feels. This is the *only* way you can tell how he feels. Further, it is the only way even the person himself could reliably know.

Using words in an unwittingly deceptive manner is not confined to conflicts between lovers. And, of course, we're not referring here to situations in which the attempts to deceive are *deliberate*, such as politics, advertisements, etc. Parents confuse their children, children their parents, aunts the uncles, and so forth. A mother tells her young child she wants him to be "independent," and then by her actions, never allows him to be. A father tells his son that he loves him for himself, that his accomplishments do not matter. But then in his actions he shows interest in the boy only when some outstanding deed has been performed. A teenager tells his parents he intends to really take care of himself, but in using hallucinogenic, "heavy" drugs shows he has no intention of honoring this verbal statement. A mother insists she "trusts" her teenage daughter, but in her actions manifests w almost amounts to an anxious de for the girl to be proven *not* tr worthy. The list is unfortunately e less.

And, oh, the confusion and ex pain that is set loose in these s ations because the duped ones try hard to believe in the words of oth And then how angered, enraged depressed they get when they disco they have been deceived! If o their expectations were more ratio to begin with. If only they kept permost in their minds the fact t humans—*all* humans, the *good* the bad—are fooled and enslaved words. If only they never *expec* all words to be honored. If only t used the words people utter as small threads in a fabric, instead the whole cloth. If only they learn to depend more on chronic acti and less on words when making ju ments.

A female patient of ours once sa "Although my boyfriend still want make out with me whenever he c he's broken all of our regular da for the last six months. He rar returns my phone calls, and has done so many of the things he's pr ised to do. But he never talks ab our relationship. I'm confused.

only he'd say how he feels about me!"

And we thought, good lord, what would you do if he said he loved you? Would that help? Hasn't he already told you how he feels? Why don't you look at what's real? Why do you seek to confuse and depress yourself with more words?

© 1972 by Barry & Patricia Bricklin

The Bricklins are a husband-and-wife team of psychologists who write regularly for YOUTH. If you, or one of your friends, has a hang-up or a question you'd like them to discuss through this series, write to them % YOUTH, Room 1203, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. Real names will not be used, and, of course, all inquiries will be kept confidential.

HUNGER

SHACK

Hunger strikes home to teens in Richfield, Ohio, with mixed reactions from friends and community

The five of us huddled together, silent in the cold. It was Christmas Day, and we were eating chicken wings by candlelight inside a rickety shack set up on our church lawn. A few passers-by glanced toward the simple creche and the dilapidated structure next to it. Then they hurried on to join their families and sit in warm living rooms. The five of us ate slowly, hoping our limited rations would ease our hunger.

This is the second consecutive year that our Hunger Shack has taken a prominent spot alongside the gaily decorated tree and creche at the United Church of Christ in Richfield, Ohio, a suburb of Cleveland. We got the idea from an article in YOUTH magazine over three years ago, and Jan Weber, one of our coordinators, helped us get it together.

Early last December, the shack, made from parts of a barn and an old chicken coop, was transported by hay wagon to the church lawn. There it became "home" for two days for each of eight small groups of people—37 young people and adults in all. So for over two weeks during the Christmas holidays, we occupied the shack in shifts.

Before each group began their two days at "home," we fasted for 24 hours. Then, already somewhat ravenous, we were given 25 cents per day to spend for food. Each of the groups decided right at the beginning to pool their money. And though we established a common store beforehand where we could purchase staple items in small quantities, the money just didn't go very far.

Spirits soon sagged from lack of nutrition. Jan Flagg, who admitted feeling nervous and apathetic the whole time, said, "I didn't care what I said or did. I guess I now know a little better how poor people feel."

This was the purpose of the Hunger Shack—to identify with those who live in subsistence conditions and bring this fact to the attention of our community. The Shack also served as a collection spot for contributions of food and clothing and money to be distributed by our Parish Ministry Board. But one thing happened which we couldn't plan for and didn't expect—the Shack brought those who participated closer together and cast a new light on the Christmas season.

"Christmas night became very

meaningful not only because of the Hunger Shack," Roger and Sally Swan agreed, "but also because of the people we were with and the feeling we shared between us. As we sat there in candlelight at our makeshift table we all felt very peaceful and close—close even to the point of not wanting others to intrude. It helped us see how much of Christmas is shallow fluff. That night, with no presents and very little food, Christmas began to mean something."

John Millican, another participant, felt the experience gave him new insight into his relationship with his family. For Don Yarrow the Hunger Shack offered a new perspective: "Now, sitting in my gas-heated, stereo-filled, shag-carpeted, spacious room, I can appreciate the experience all the more. I am able to feel much more sensitivity toward those who must live in poverty. As far as I am concerned, it was a great success."

For each group, Hunger Shack was a different experience. Some groups welcomed visitors and felt deserted when they discovered that not as many people were dropping in on them as happened with other groups. Maria Pischieri and John Millican felt that visitors were an intrusion in their own family living experience as a group. Sheila Foster questioned visitors' motives: "If you are coming because we are lonely, forget it! And if you are here looking for a place to hang out, you're destroying the purpose of Hunger Shack."

Penny Swan realized afterwards that she had felt resentment toward much of the outside world. "When visitors would describe their meals to us and tell us of the comforts they enjoy in their everyday lives," she said, "I felt a definite frustration. I can see how some poor people resent the middle-class effort to give them handouts."

Some people expressed disappointment in themselves because they had made excuses in order to have a re son to go into the warm church. Othe had stretched the letter of the la by enticing people to give them ext food (even a cold pancake tast good!)—feeling somehow that a g did not break the 25-cents-per-d limit. We were generally surprised a a little shocked at our own selfishne and lack of commitment when we we under the stress of hunger and d comfort.

In terms of the reaction from "ou siders," the most difficult thing w their non-reaction! This hurt and di appointed us, especially when our fa ilies were more unhappy about t time we spent away from them duri the holidays than they were understan ing of the significance of what we we trying to do. In fact, it was an exce tion when one of us felt we had a support from those closest to us. the all-day celebration following t last shift, we shared together "fellow-sufferers" but we also realiz that our experience was pretty se centered.

In spite of the limitations of Hung Shack, this haphazard conglomerati of boards and tin and newspaper d become a sentinel next to the Chris mas creche in Richfield, Ohio. Pen Swan sums it up: "I can't describe t total experience and feelings that have come away with, but for a sho time I walked in another person shoes. I see things differently. My s of values has been challenged, a hopefully altered."

Perhaps it is prophetic that t Hunger Shack literally fell to piec when it was removed from the h wagon on its return trip to the pla of its birth beside a deserted stable

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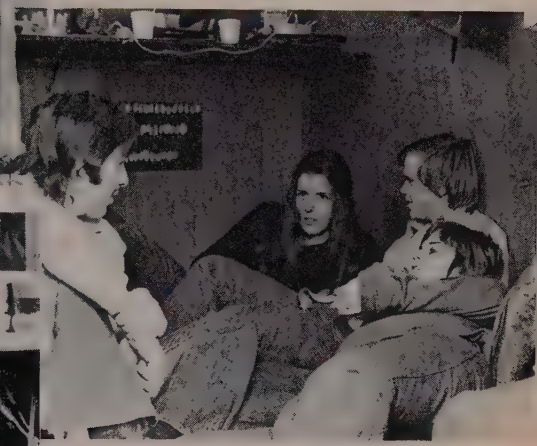
This article is based on informati supplied to YOUTH by M. L. Conra pastor of the United Church of Chris Richfield, Ohio.

Maria Pischieri greets visitors.
Close quarters inside the shack.



Penny Swan prepares dinner with the help of a pop-corn popper.
Jan Flagg and Bob Hanslic buy supplies at the common store.

John Millican (center) and his group say good-bye after their shift.

Bruce Weber

DON McLEAN:

"I went into my own world and stayed there"

BY EILEEN STUKANE

Don McLean is a Chinese puzzle. But you might expect the composer of "American Pie," a complicated journey through the bygone days of rock and roll, to be complex. McLean, like his music, can make folk rock fans, culture critics, and inquisitive journalists listen and think. He is at once suspicious and trusting, proud and humble, naive and very wise. Those who spend time interpreting the intricate verses of "American Pie" would do better trying to understand their 26-year-old creator.

The mountains, trees and brooks along New York's Hudson River are home to him. "I have all kinds of living things around me," he says with a smile. After being the Hudson River Valley Troubadour in 1968, Don joined Pete Seeger in his efforts to save the mighty river from death by pollution. In 1969, the sloop Clearwater set sail along the Hudson, and its talented crew members, headed by Seeger, sang out their souls for the fate of the river. McLean even edited a book called "Songs and Sketches of the First Clearwater Crew."

Now, after selling more than a million "American Pie's," Don McLean leaves his valley, perhaps more often than he would like, to meet growing numbers of new friends. His songs have turned over the questions so many of us face. How should we live? Where should we go? When should we love? Some have compared him to Bob Dylan, saying that he picked up where the master left off.

"I've been compared to everyone from Fats Domino to Eisenhower," he says. "If it were 1959 it would be Elvis Presley; in 1964 they would have compared me to the Beatles. I find that people who write articles about performers have one eye on writing something about the performer, and the other on saying what's hip, or doing a variety of other things which have nothing to do with what it is that they have perceived. So, I don't pay attention to what they say.

"In time, someone else will come

"MY WORLD IS ALL THERE IN MY MUSIC. FOR M TO EXPLAIN WHAT I'M ABOUT, I CAN'T DO IT THAT'S WHY I WRITE SONGS.

along, and he'll be compared to me, if it's appropriate and if they can get away with it, and it won't mean anything then either. You can't compare anything to anything . . . it has nothing to do with reality. You might as well compare clouds."

But don't you think you came at a time when people were looking for something more meaningful in music?

"People are looking for something in every sphere. People are looking for someone to lead them politically, for someone to lead them spiritually. They are looking for someone to love—more than any of the other things, it basically comes down to that—people want to love somebody."

Why do you write about love as if it's always lost?

"It may have been the mood I was in when I wrote a song, but I would say that, more often than not, I tend to doubt a lot of things. I don't put my faith in much."

That's sad.

"It all depends on what you want from life, and why you thin you are here."

And yes I know how lonely lif
can be
The shadows follow me
And the night won't set me fre
But I don't let the evening g
me down
Now that you're around me

—from "And I Love You S
by Don McLean

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What do you want?

"I just want to be left alone. N I'm putting you on—well, to degree. What I've always wante to do is to be able to tinker wit music, make records, play for pe ple and sing. It's what I've alway done, and what I like to do. Nov the fact that more people acce what I'm doing is a double-edge sword. On the one side, it's ver nice to be loved and accepte but on the other side, I'm begi ning to doubt the ability of som

Ruth Bernal

people to see things for what they are.

"I'm not talking about the many people who have come to me because of 'American Pie' and now know about my music—that's different. I'm talking about people who knew me a long time ago, had absolutely no use for what I did or who I am, or anything else, and now will call me up and say, 'how wonderful things are' and 'isn't it great?' They're lucky they're on the other end of the phone, and not here in person."

And I knew if I had my chance
that I could make those
people dance
And maybe they'd be happy for
a while

—from "American Pie"
*by Don McLean**

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Did you ever get restless and just run away from home?

"No, not really, home ran away from me. My family fell apart when I was about 15, but I won't go into it any more than that." (Don has a widowed mother and a 41-year-old sister.) "Then, I went into my own world and stayed there—that's where I am now.

"But it's all in the music, that world is all there. For me to try to explain it is for me to try to explain what I'm about, and I can't do it. That's the reason I write songs."

I was a lonely teenage broncin'
buck
With a pink carnation and a
pickup truck
But I knew that I was out of luck
The day the music died

—from "American Pie"
*by Don McLean**

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Does it make you happy that people interpret your music on different levels?

"If, somehow, the kind of mus-

Ruth Bernal

ical trip that I have created for myself relates to people, I'm happy about it. But I would continue to do it, whether it related or not, and that's important.

"There are incredible possibilities within the framework of a song, and I just feel like taking advantage of a few, that's all. Time is an interesting third dimension that I like to play with. Why express a moment's relationship with someone? Why not express years of relationships with many people, lots of things, in one song? That's speeding time up. On the other hand, why not slow time down to the point where you get slow motion with action that may take four minutes to get through—when in real life, it only takes a second?

"I also like to create word environments and to play with colors and scenes in songs. After all, music and words are just tools to express complex and elusive emotions. And the way you use these tools determines whether the emotion is elusive or not."

And if she asks you why you c
tell her that I told you
That I'm tired of castles in t
air
I've got a dream I want the wo
to share
And castle walls just lead me
despair

—from "Castles In The A
by Don McLe

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Who are your favorite son
writers?

"I've always been interested
the work-a-day person who wr
a song or two in his lifetime th
became a classic. There are tho
sands of these songs that cor
from the American repertoire. L
ten to some of the gospel song
hymns, cowboy songs, logg
songs, field hollers and wo
songs, campfire songs, and son
that the settlers sang—music th
built a whole nation and a whc
world. The people who wrote the
songs don't have their nam

"I DON'T WANT TO GET INTO THE BAG OF MAKING EGOTISTICAL HAY OUT OF ANY HUMANITARIAN DEEDS I DO."

under the credits; there might be two little initials: PD. These are the people that I like best, because they are the best.

"I imagine that people equate the amount of attention that something or someone is given with his worth. That's a mistake. Bach didn't have as much publicity in his whole lifetime as I'm getting."

Is all this publicity changing your life style?

"No, I changed my life a long time ago; I'm a recluse. I just came here (to New York) to talk to you, because a lot of people like music of mine and they can't get to know me on a personal level. But if people in the media try to make something out of me that I'm not, or try to do something that's not real or honest, then it won't be worth my while to do this kind of thing any more. I'll just rely on personal appearances to communicate with the audience."

With your busy schedule, do you still have time for ecology projects?

"I'm still involved with the Hudson River sloop and I do benefits for things that I think are good, like projects that fight atomic power plants. But I don't ever want to be looked upon as someone who is political, and I don't feel like making anything out of things that I do. You can get into the bag of making egotistical hay out of your various humanitarian deeds. I don't want to do that."

Do you think there is hope for all of us?

"For all of us, no, maybe hope for a few. Hope is a weird word; hope is a nightlight. But I think that, somehow, we are all sympathetically united. There is a thread which connects us—a deeper relationship that unites people—which is part of the reason why I believe and trust in, to a degree, the sensibility of masses of people. People as a group are responsible for discovering some very unique individuals—everyone from Lincoln to Elvis Presley. When you see that, you can't help but put some faith in it.

"The best that you can do is to

"MORE THAN ANYTHING, PEOPLE ARE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO LOVE."

try and be in sympathy with the things that are naturally good for you and to avoid the things that aren't. No one can promise you happiness, fortune, fame, success or eternal life because you do the right thing. You have no right to ask for guarantees. There is no guarantee in the world that means anything."

Everyone's juggling and everyone's acting
With smiles of greasepaint three feet wide
Everyone's caught on a carousel pony
One time around is a lifetime ride

—from "Circus Song"
*by Don McLean**

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Free-lance writer Eileen Stukane lives in New York City and travels wherever a story takes her.

Ruth Bernal

Give him a microphone and a guitar, and Don McLean tells people what he is like. Never sitting, right leg in rhythm, first a grimace, then a smile, he lovingly travels the verses of self-made songs. Suddenly, "Three Flights Up," which seems long and tired on his first album ("Tapestry"), becomes poignant and lonely. When he ends with "Should walls and doors and plaster ceilings separate us from each other's feelings,"* no one answers. But everyone sighs. He's talking about them. But who are these people who have paid to listen and sit in pop-up seats? "Turn on the house lights," Don says, squinting. "All the way." Hundreds of inquisitive faces—mostly young faces—all sharing mixed emotions with McLean. The house lights stay on.

When Don McLean picks up his banjo he shows another side of himself. "This is the only truly American instrument," he says. "And if George Wallace only knew that it had its origin in Africa!" Caught by the beauty of the banjo's tone, Don turns into a musical catalyst of the first order. Before he is through, everyone is in harmony with "Babylon," a traditional biblical lyric recorded on the "American Pie" album. The energy in the room grows, and does not peak until the final clapping chorus of "American Pie," when it explodes into a standing ovation. Now, this man who calls himself a "recluse" is at home.

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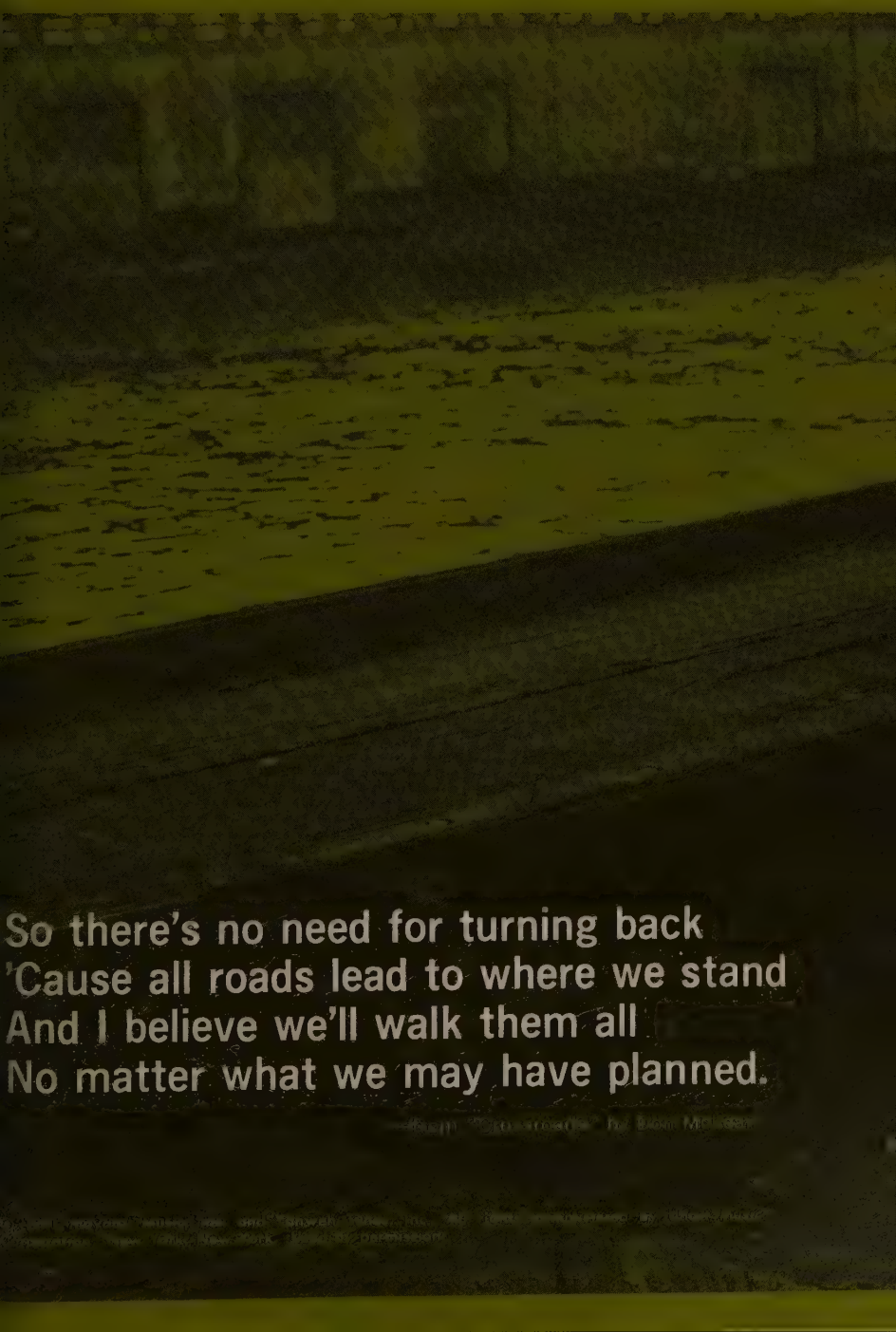

So there's no need for turning back
'Cause all roads lead to where we stand
And I believe we'll walk them all
No matter what we may have planned.

BRUNNERISMS

by Doug Brunner

my parents have made me into a materialistic person

what are you going to do?

buy new ones

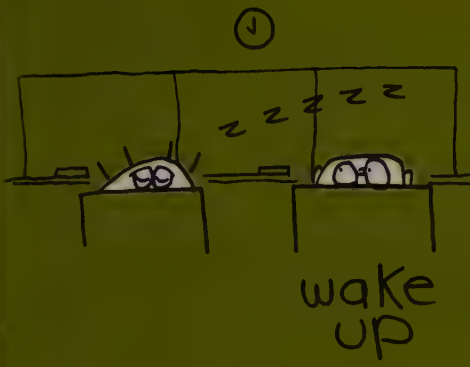
the clothes I wear are more than original

they're extinct

to my parents
sexually i'm a kid

to my body i'm an adult

which grown-up do i
listen to?



did i graduate yet?

you're a junior now

Fad

fad

fad

I never realized how permanent fads are . . .

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touch and G

Shalom!

Just a note of thanks for many stimulating moments of reflection stemming from your magazine. For me, YOUTH has made concrete some of the abstractions of faith. It's most useful in my work as an officer in Youth Fellowship. Would you please send two copies of your fabulous July 1971 Celebration issue, and one copy each of December and January 1972? Salem alekum!

—M.J.R., Pottsville, Pa.

Blow-up?

I'm very much into photography so the first thing I notice in YOUTH is the fantastic pictures. They're so good I think a lot of them should be printed a lot bigger. Like, in your February issue there were some photos that I'd love to have as posters. How about it?

—A.Z., Ocala, Fla.

Youth on the Air

On a local radio station, somebody announced that YOUTH had a special supplement on the Draft in the February issue. I'm very eager to get a copy, since I have a 17-year-old son. It sounds like a unique magazine!

—C.K., St. Louis, Mo.

e
d our
hool
spaper

BY GREG MOYER

Something new and refreshing
different is emerging in high scho
ournalism. It's a product of th
nes. Although the popularity of th
nderground newspaper has peake
e impact of the alternative press
ne editorial approach of high scho
papers has been felt in many place

In addition, the splash and im
mediacy of the mass media is gradu
ally diluting the appeal and relevanc
of those student publications whic
are dull looking, superficial, impe
sonal and dated. And, on top of it al
high school students are fast becom
ing amateur craftsmen in communica
tion because the skills of photograph
and the new printing technology ar
increasingly more easily learned an
available. The result: Where studen
are free and encouraged to put the
skills and concerns to work, a ne
breed publication is appearing.

knight crier
north penn's student magazine
Vol. 16 No. 7 April, 1971

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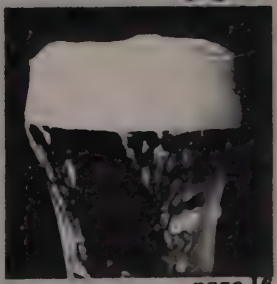
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also news, sports, letters

KNIGHT CRIER

NEW STUDY HALL SYSTEM IN OPERATION

FORUM: PAINT IT BLACK

EAGLEVILLE More Than Just a Hospital

WRESTLING— PAST AND PRESENT

In Greg's first year as editor, the paper looked like all the rest . . .

This reincarnation of the old high school newspaper takes many forms. It is limited only by the imagination, talent, and responsibility of its creators. It has a personality all of its own. It serves as one of the few channels of communication for students. It varies so greatly from school to school that the format defies labels. But even with its individuality, you will surely recognize this new breed when you see it.

"How?" you ask.

First, it is visually exciting compared to its predecessor. It may appear to be more of a magazine than a newspaper. It's easier to handle, not bulky big. Its headlines won't tell the whole story, but will tease you, the reader, into the article smoothly. The pictures tend to illustrate artic symbolically, rather than serve t picture-of-record function of a ne photo. The layout and design of t publication is clean and "airy." mea ing white space has been generou and wisely used. Finally, you wo be bombarded with several sm stories on a page, but more lik you will encounter one long piece.

The writing is different, too. T publication will concern itself l with the three-week-old chatter of p athletic events, the crowning of t homecoming queen, and the annu influx of student teachers. Instead, will deal with the myriad of proble concerning the adolescent growing i in his or her respective communi as seen by fellow youth, or with t attitudes of the school district's t administrators on humanizing t public educational system, or with t fascinating people and personaliti of interest to the readers, or with t major issues of our times. Simpl the new breed journal refuses to ski the top of everything, but, rathe it is selective when choosing topic and digs deeply when it hits gold.

With a liberated style of layout a with written material that stress analysis and feature over straig news, the new breed journal develo a distinct personality. You, the rea er, begin to see where the collecti "heads" of the editors are "at." Y see what kinds of events they thi are important by the way in whic these stories are displayed in t publication.

The "personality" of this ne

breed journal will turn some people off, as much as it turns others on, but I am convinced that the majority of kids would rather read a publication with a little guts, than a wishy-washy sheet that avoids controversy and lacks personality. You don't always agree with your friends' opinions, but you respect them. And you will continue to be friends until you find that his opinions are based on untruths or are spoken with malicious intent. The new breed journal should be your friend.

What launched this new wave of high school publication? Largely, it was the demand by students in the late 60s for a fresh look at the priorities in government, in education, and in the whole moral fiber of our society. The students needed a voice. Because the existing high school

"A skirmish with the underground has shown many schools that students have something to say"

papers were in a rah-rah rut and were often controlled by the establishment, the more vocal students formed their own publications to give free expression to their concerns. Thus the underground was born. The public began to sit up and take notice.

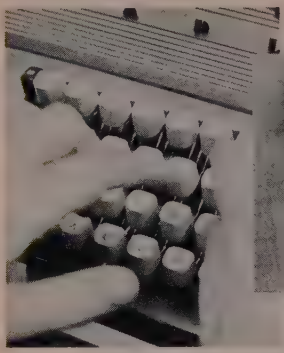
Rarely did underground newspapers try to present both sides. Their main purpose was to reflect the views

. . . and 14 months later, the CRIER had evolved into a new breed journal.

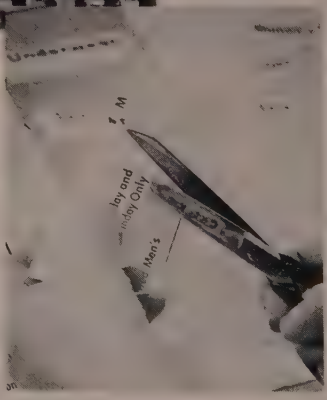
of the editors—no more, no less. The underground staff wrote about Vietnam, the Draft, and racism—not football, pep rallies, and dances. For these reasons, the established school newspaper and its underground counterpart were seldom in direct competition. But subtle and realistic pressures were at work.

Although the underground press usually expressed the views of a minority of students, the product was sympathetically received by a large audience. Although inexpensively produced, the underground paper often had more imaginative, visual impact than the staid, gray columns of the high school paper. Besides, to produce two student publications was a drain on the financial and personnel re-

THE PROCESS FROM WRITTEN TO PRINTED WORD . . .



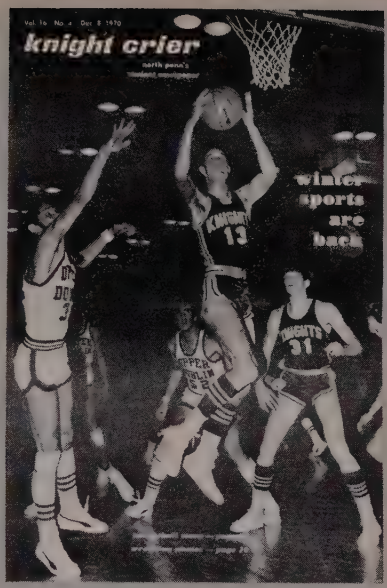
1. An article is written and typed by the author.
2. The copy is edited for errors, improvements, and instructions to the printer.
3. Photos add to the mood, appeal, and telling of the story.
4. Computerized typesetting machines set copy as readers will see it in print.
5. Headlines and titles are cut out and pasted into place on the page layout.
6. The pages roll off high-speed presses in a matter of minutes.



Photos by Greg Moyer

ources of most student bodies. And he administration was over the barrel, for it was often willing to go to almost any length, including increased editorial freedom for the school paper, if the underground paper could be eliminated.

Out of the smoke of battle came a new kind of student publication. It was fresh, incorporating the best characteristics of both extremes. From the ground rules of the traditional press, the new breed took on a certain journalistic professionalism (like quoting people accurately, keeping facts straight, and striving to meet printer's deadlines) and from the alternative press, it borrowed the free-form, graphic vibrance and the in-depth, personal style of writing (like exciting and moody photos and delightful and weird cartoons, by-



A full-page action photo on the front was a big step toward the new look.

"Most school papers are their own worst enemy. Why? They're dull"

ined interpretative analyses of relevant issues, and personalized human interest). This new breed of student publication seemed to appeal not only to the average student who was ready for a change, but also to the underground critics, and to most adults.

But let's face it, a scanning of any exchange sampling of today's high school newspapers will reveal that the great majority of student publications still haven't changed that much over the past five to ten years. It is because of this very lack of change that the established school paper is often its own worst enemy. Why? Because it is dull. Just keeping up with the times is enough incentive for the new breed journal to arise.

At my own school, for example, both of these factors forced us to take a second look at what we were doing.

In my junior year, an underground paper had been formed as an alternative to the *Knight Crier*, the student publication at North Penn High School. The underground competition was the better of the two papers during the fall, as this greenhorn editor and a new staff were getting

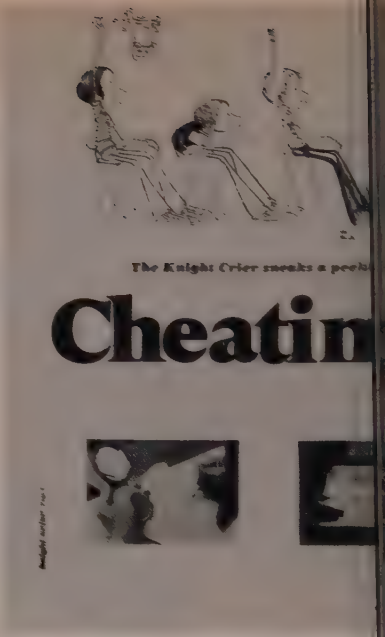
our heads together. After a few issues, the underground momentum slackened and by spring it was dead.

Then students began to realize that the *Knight Crier* was not the old sheet of years gone by and that the new school administration was serious when it gave the staff freedom not known before. In fact, we probably went overboard to prove to everybody that we were not the administration's mouthpiece.

The entire front page of our April 1970 issue, for example, satirized the system of guidance counseling, so often open to student criticism in schools everywhere. But our intentions were initially misinterpreted and taken personally. Amid the furor, the administration took a mature attitude toward the whole affair by letting both criticism and praise for the article fall directly on those responsible—us.

The summer of 1970 was a reflective one for the *Crier* staff. We knew we had to make changes if the *Crier* was to appeal to a larger segment of our student body. A few months earlier the school board had agreed to subsidize partially our operations to the tune of $800. This more than doubled our budget for the previous year which we had raised solely by advertising and circulation. We immediately began to think big.

First, we considered the process of printing and decided on offset because it was cheaper, more flexible, and, unknown to us then, we would eventually learn how to do 75 per cent of the pre-press work ourselves



Two pages of cartoons, photos white space displayed this article tively.

and save much money. I was luc enough to get a summer job as photographer and an offset came operator on our local communi newspaper, the *North Penn Report* Thus I was able to glean from p fessionals the how-to of newspap production. Also, my contacts wi the *Reporter* management and t friends I made in the shop prov invaluable when the *Reporter* agre to print the *Crier*. During the su mer I ached to get started on t *Crier*. I spent hours designing log choosing type faces that were attra tive when put side-by-side, and e perimenting with the fundamentals layout and offset paste-up.

By August our staff decided

You're on your way if you've ot a feel for your audience, now journalism, and make our pages human"

ave the first issue of the *Knight rier* ready for the second day of hool. That first impression was im-ortant and we wanted to get the mp on all other activities. With the elp of newcomers, we wrote articles, ok photos, and did layout. We were bloid in size, eight pages instead of ur. We featured analysis as well as ews. We modernized the lettering of e name of our paper. We experimented with typographical and photographic tricks to enhance our overall appearance. And as I look back now, that was our first step in evolving into the new breed publication.

By our second issue in October, we climbed to 12 pages and made additional conceptual changes. But kids will best remember that issue for a back-page feature that drew more response than any other article in recent *Knight Crier* history. Entitled "Travel Prompts Self-Analysis," North Penn's two exchange students returning from Germany opened up full blast. In 12 paragraphs they polarized a good portion of the student body, caused some adults to question the exchange program itself, and filled issue No. 3 of the *Knight Crier* with a page and a half of letters responding to the charges.

What did the exchangees say? *On football:* "Guys who play football either play because they enjoy playing football or they like the glory . . . they play for themselves, not the school." *On cliques:* "Everyone here has friends, you know . . . the All-American Buddy System, but not really friends, not REALLY friends." *On patriotism:* "I don't think anyone in this room right now is proud that he is an American . . . at least he shouldn't be." That is the kind of stuff letters to the editor are made from. As the letters flowed in, we were happy to find the reactions mixed—pro and con.

The lead story in the next issue was an 11th hour comment on the

Contemporary culture gets a hearing through features and reviews.

garbage and litter being left indiscriminately on cafeteria tables, chairs, and floors by students, who claimed no particular motives for their actions. But because we rushed the story into print at a time when tempers were hot, some officials credited the *Crier* for being one factor in cooling feelings and averting a threatened strike by janitorial and kitchen personnel.

The Christmas break of 1970 was the turning point for the *Crier*. We had been operating with little or no real organization in our staff. We decided to bring in new faces and to organize the staff into functional and departmental editors so that the *Crier* would be better prepared to continue through the summer into the fall of 1971. And we decided the *Crier* ne ed to move faster toward becom more of a magazine in format approach. On January 19, 1971, unveiled our new editorial board our "newsmagazine" concept. It 16 pages, utilizing two colors on plate (four tab pages).

But one three-page article alm brought the whole roof down on of us. The article dealt with some the principal's dreams for the fut in terms of liberal reforms and v his feelings that he was being jud too severely for being too permiss He had been honest and open w me in an interview and I had sha it in print. His candid comments my own commentary stunned upset some faculty, students, school officials. But the issues cussed in the article had to be ai in public. I am certain that if article hadn't opened it all up public discussion, something would have triggered such debat

The article had been critical— and con—of the principal, but took no punitive or preventive tion. This is the only way a stud newsmagazine, which specializes by-lined, interpretative material, operate. Our principal was a ma strength. As for the editorial bo this incident forced us to ask s difficult questions concerning what kind of a publication we w and wanted to be and what respo bility we had.

Does a student publication, tially subsidized by the school trict, have the freedom to be crit

of the educational system of which it is a part? We feel it does, if it is responsible. Ideally, the reader of an interpretative piece in the *Knight Crier* could compare the experience with discussing some issue with a well-informed, trusted friend. As long as the author, or the reader's friend, presents the facts accurately, we see no danger in forwarding opinions at the end. There is nothing to stop the reader from taking those same facts and reaching entirely different conclusions. The communication between a publication and its readers has to be personal.

That's the major reason we eliminated editorials from our newsmagazine. Too often they speak with a removed third person tone, as if the publishing institution itself was speaking. That isn't the voice, we feel,

"Tension among factions in the school can be eased by honest reporting"

most young people want to hear. It is the author, who can develop a story interestingly and accurately, providing some insight along the way, who attracts the reader's friendship and trust. It is an archaic misconception if editors of a publication think they can still tell other people how to think.

What other responsibilities does a publication have to its readers? To some it may be reporting ball scores accurately, to others it may be giving information on where to get personal counseling services, and to still others it may be simply providing entertainment and good company. We felt we had to provide all these services as accurately as possible.

But we also felt we should be introducing our readers to the host of interesting people from the many different factions within the school. Such personality sketches should go far beyond the standard listing of name, favorite hobby, favorite songs, future career plans, etc., for a good publication should help the reader get to know the person being interviewed on a more personal basis. If the newsmagazine writes about a number of individuals from the various groups around school (the freaks, the straights, the jocks, etc.), gradually relations among the factions will become less strained. The tension will not be relieved with cute, make-everybody-sound-good stories. It takes honest, straightforward questions and answers if the different student groups are ever going to get to know their fellow classmates any better.

Another important aspect of any publication is that it must localize its contents to the personal interests of its readership. I follow a general rule of thumb for determining the appropriateness of story material: If any of our readers is directly involved in the story, in a national trend or cult phenomenon, or if he or she possesses some special talent, then you as an

A CHECKLIST FOR YOUR HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

DO YOU HAVE:

- **Something worth saying?**
- **Enough interested students** willing to give time?
- **A balance of talent** among interested students? (Writers, thinkers, photographers, artists, managers, ad salesmen, etc.)
- **Someone who can teach staff** in those talents lacking? (Other students, faculty adviser, teachers in art, English, or business administration, or local professionals)
- **Sufficient financial support** (from school's administration, or sales price, or student contributions, or advertising, etc.) to publish at least six issues a year?
- **Editorial freedom** (no censorship), as long as you are responsible?
- **Sympathetic adult advocacy** (from adult adviser, or school administrator) to help staff with interpersonal relationships, with propriety of questionable articles, and with support among adults?
- **A cooperative printer** conveniently located and adequately equipped?
- **A well-organized staff?** (Does each know who's responsible for what?)
- **Your heads together as a staff** about the purpose of the publication? (Entertainment, news, views, human interest, etc.)
- **Your readers' concerns in mind?** (Problems of growing up, major issues of our times, humanizing education, what's happening locally)
- **Visually exciting layout?** (Wise use of white space, moody as well as news photos, headlines that tease, modern type faces, etc.)
- **Well-written and relevant content?** (Factually accurate, honest opinions, personalized human interest, trends localized, in-depth not superficial, analysis, not just reporting, selective in topics, gutsy not wishy-washy)

editor should be interested.

Balance is important, too. Div
sity is the name of the game.

Finally, with our new emphasis
features and analyses, how would t
Knight Crier handle its responsibil
to keep the students informed
school news? The answer arose
of an emergency. One morning eve
one was surprised to see poli
swarming onto school property w
search and arrest warrants for
students suspected of possessing n
cotics. After the police left, wild
mors spread around the school. So
of the *Crier* staff cut morning class
gathered the facts, mimeographed
newsletter, and circulated it amo
the students during the lunch peri
The rumors stopped.

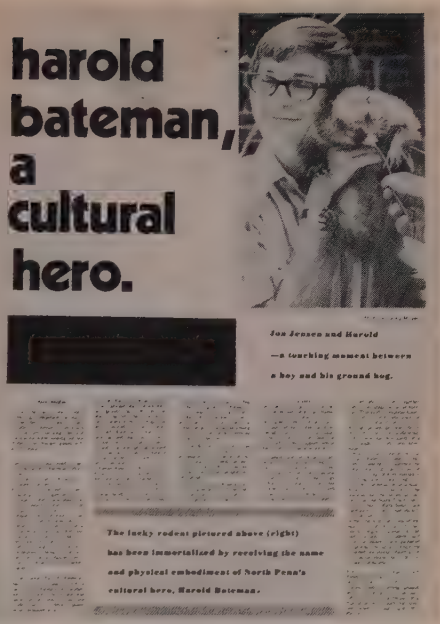
And thus began *Friday*, a week
newsletter produced by the *Crier* st
and circulated free (on Friday,
course) to keep students informed
to what was happening. It was bri
informative, and allowed us to elim
nate most news from our month
issues of *Knight Crier*.

My final issue as editor of t
Knight Crier probably describes be
what I feel now the new breed of st
dent publication is moving towar
The photographic cover of that iss
with a teaser reading "Dining Out
Downtown Lansdale" introduced a
article (inside on page 10) which w
a teen-age gourmet's critique of o
town's numerous hamburger joint
Page 2 included an introduction, le
ters, masthead (staff), and a descri
tion of the *Crier's* transition fro
newspaper to magazine over the yea

Page 3 analyzed what it would be like when our new 13.5-million-dollar high school opened its doors in September. Page 4 described student involvement in ecology at school. Page 5 featured the efforts of a political science class to lobby for a new highway in our area. Page 6 analyzed the lack of political activism at North Penn. Page 7 was a first-person account of the Mayday demonstrations in Washington, D.C. Pages 8 and 9 tackled the question of cheating with cartoons, photos, and article. Pages 11 and 12 carried concert reviews of Jethro Tull, Joan Baez, and the Incredible String Band. Pages 13, 14, and 15 summarized the school's spring sports. And the back page told of a boy and his pet groundhog.

We usually didn't run groundhog stories but this was a special groundhog who lived in the school's outdoor ecology center. He was also named Harold Bateman in honor of the imaginary "student" whose name reportedly had been entered in the school's master attendance file to foul up the computers. It was a fitting climax to Volume 16 of the *Crier*.

The *Knight Crier* is now in the hands of staff members who helped make the transition and who helped the *Crier* win national awards for excellence. We recognize that there's nothing sacred about the newsmagazine approach. It simply worked well for us. And it may well be only the transition step toward something even better to come. But I am convinced that all high school publications will be forced by the times in which we


harold bateman, a cultural hero.

Jon Jensen and Harold —a touching moment between a boy and his ground hog.

The lucky rodent pictured above (right) has been immortalized by receiving the name and physical embodiment of North Penn's cultural hero, Harold Bateman.

When a groundhog attracted wide student interest, he got his own page.

live to plot a different course than most are presently following.

I believe that any student publication can make itself respected if the editors have a feel for their audience, have a solid knowledge of journalism and printing, and have the knack to make the pages human. Is your high school newspaper reflecting the new breed?

"I'm convinced kids would rather read a publication with a little guts"

THE BIBLE-

illustrated by Rita Fiorel

A LOVE STORY

by J. Barrie Shepherd

In Kurt Vonnegut's best-selling novel "Slaughterhouse Five" a rather unpleasant character named Roland Weary is captured and searched by German soldiers. Among the treasured possessions disclosed by the search are a brass-knuckled trench knife with a 10" triangular blade, a pornographic photograph, and a bullet-proof Bible. The Bible, sheathed in stainless steel, is carried in the left breast pocket, directly over the heart. (Later in the tale Weary dies of gangrene in the feet, suggesting, perhaps, that he might have done better to wear his Bible in his socks!) This fascinating little incident provides, among other things, a wonderful illustration of at least two popular views of the Bible in contemporary society.

The first of these sees the Bible as essentially a magical book. To some, like Weary, it is a lucky talisman, carried upon one's person to ward off danger and evil influences. To others it is a crystal ball, providing instant, divinely guaranteed answers to each and every problem of life. This view reminds me of the story of the believer who, faced with a tough decision, sought an answer from the Lord by closing his eyes, flipping open "the Good Book," and pointing, at random, to the page before him. At his first attempt he hit upon the words, "And Judas went out and hanged himself." Not satisfied, he tried again, only to come up with, "Go thou and do likewise."

In spite of such stories, this is still a highly popular and appealing approach. As a magical book of answers, a sort of Judeo-Christian version of the I-Ching, the Bible provides at least one sure and completely reliable source of Truth in an otherwise utterly unreliable age. At a time when even the credibility of the President of the United States is sometimes in doubt, it can be immensely comforting to have the Eternal Word of God ready at your bedside table.

One of the dangers of such an approach lies in the all-too-typical tendency for a person to get hooked and build up a kind of massive dependency upon these magical, solve-it-all, Scriptures. These "Bible-aholics" become addicted to the Holy Book as their only comfort, hope, and source of security. But according to the Holy Book itself, such an attitude is a

GOD'S GIFT OF LOVE IS SO POWERFUL AND SO ATTRACTIVE THAT MAN CHOOSES NOT TO PASS IT ON, BUT TO KEEP IT FOR HIMSELF, STORING IT UP FOR FUTURE CONSUMPTION.

direct denial of God, who is, Himself, man's only comfort, hope and source of security.

A second common view of the Bible takes the opposite approach. And our "hero" Roland Weary exemplifies this view too, in a way. For he, like many of us, wants to have it both ways . . . double indemnity. And so, to guard against the possibility that the Bible might turn out to have less than magical powers, he takes the added precaution of having his sacred bo sheathed in tough stainless st . . . just in case it doesn't ha magical powers! Here we see recognition of the fact that, many people today, the Bible nothing more than a book—int esting at times, beautiful in plac but basically, just another book.

According to this point of vie the Bible belongs in the same c egory as other great literary pr ucts of the human intellect, "T Iliad," "The Odyssey," "The vine Comedy," "Hamlet," and t rest. What this tends to mean, practice, is that the Bible, like of our other "Great Books," is more often bought than it is rea It is the kind of volume that essential to every good home . although why it is essential

uite unclear.

A concise way to summarize ese two contrasting viewpoints ight be to say that the first sees e Bible as the Word of God—a agical, never-failing source of All ruth; the second sees it as the ords of man—a fallible collection human ideas and experiences, yths and legends, perhaps useful times, but largely irrelevant to veryday living in the 20th cen-ry.

Word of God, or words of man . . . which will it be? But hold on moment! Before we go choosing sides and denouncing those o differ with us as "blind fan-ics" or "doubting Thomases," erhaps we can take another look these categories "Word of God" . . "words of man" . . . to see if they are not somehow related.

First of all, what do we mean by the Word of God? Even within traditional Christian theology this phrase has many meanings. It was first used by the early Christian Church as a title for Jesus of Nazareth. This title conveyed their understanding of Jesus as the full and complete self-revelation of God. Just as we express and reveal ourselves through words, so God discloses Himself to us most fully in His Word . . . Jesus Christ.

But the Word cannot be confined to this one historic event, this one brief human life span. And so we have a second understanding of the Word of God as a force present and active not only in the life, death and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth, but also in

our lives today. This force is active through the power of the Holy Spirit, active as "The Great Discomforter," breaking open the crust of our comfortable, settled, insulated lives, and exposing to the light the depths of our fears and hopes that lie beneath the surface.

The Bible, then, is the human history of this divine action. It contains the words of man which tell about the Word of God as it becomes active and real in our lives and history. At the same time, the Bible records the human response evoked by God's power—a response which, at times, becomes so involved and so integral to the revelation itself, that it too becomes part of the Word of God in an amazing kind of way.

For example, we see the lives of the Hebrew prophets becoming more and more a part of their message as they are rejected, scorned, beaten, imprisoned and put to death for the sake of the Word they proclaim. Thus, also, we see this process reach its climax in the life of Jesus of Nazareth when Word of God and words of man, message and bearer of message, became so much a part of each other as to be inseparable . . . The Word Incarnate.

In witnessing to the history-long encounter between God and Man, the people who wrote the biblical record at times err, fall short, fail to comprehend what the Word is seeking to achieve with man. At times, God seems to demand terrible things. Look, for example, the genocide described in t Book of Joshua, or the call for a solute subservience to the powe of the State that we find in t Epistle to the Romans. The Bib is a **human** record, the words man. But its basic message st comes through, and to this exte the Bible **can** be called the Wo of God. In the close interweavin of this relationship, the Bible is story . . . a love story . . . T Love Story.

The poets of the Scriptures sa this. Look at the prophet Hos who begins his account by descri ing the history of Israel and Ya weh her God as a lover's quarr later, Hosea uses the poigna imagery of the grief and angui of a loving father (Yahweh) ov a rebellious son (Israel call E'phraim):

When Israel was a child, I love him, and out of Egypt I called my son. The more I called them, the more they went fro me; they kept sacrificing to the Ba'als, and burning incense idols. Yet it was I who taught E'phraim to walk, I took the up in my arms; but they did not know that I healed them. I led them with cords of compassion, with the bands o love, and became to them as one who eases the yoke on the jaws, and I bent down to them and fed them . . . How can I give you up, O E'phraim! How can I make you like

Admah! How can I treat you like Zeboiim! My heart recoils within me, my compassion grows warm and tender. I will not execute my fierce anger, I will not again destroy E'phraim; for I am God and not man, the Holy One in your midst, and I will not come to destroy. (Hosea 11:1-9)

Or, read the words of St. Paul as he singles out, from all the teachings of this book, the one thing that is truly eternal:

. . . Love is patient and kind; love is not jealous or boastful; it is not arrogant or rude. Love does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice at wrong, but rejoices in the right. Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things . . . So faith, hope, love abide, these three; but the greatest of these is love. (1 Cor. 13:4-7 and 13)

Within this vast mosaic of Divine action and human response we can trace a story—the story of Israel, the story of Christianity, the story of mankind . . . we can trace our own story.

God created man, God creates me, to exist in love: Love for Him, and love for all people. Man rejected, and still rejects, God, preferring to love himself. God's gift of love, is so powerful, so attractive, so special, that man chooses not to pass it on, not to give it away, but to keep it for himself, to store it up, preserve it, deep freeze it for future consumption. But, like the manna given to Israel in the wilderness, love thus confined turns sour, putrefies, and finally poisons the one who seeks to retain it. And God . . . God goes down all the long ways of human history, wooing, threatening, urging, forgiving, seeking to win man back to Himself, and thus to himself. For, so the book says, it is only as we find ourselves in God that we find ourselves at all.

The Bible is our story. It tells us who we are—brothers and sisters in the Family of Man. It tells us whose we are—children of God, creatures with all creation in the vast, dynamic cosmos of love-in-action. It tells it in human, and at times very confusing terms. It tells the story like it is—in terms of faithlessness and adultery, cruelty, slaughter and inhumanity, as well as of faith and love, peace and brotherhood. It tells it also like it should be, and could be, and will be, so the book affirms, one day. When the vision of this book is finally realized, Eden will be restored, the New Jerusalem will be built on earth, and we will

SOME PEOPLE SEE THE BIBLE AS THE ONE SOURCE OF ALL TRUTH, OTHERS AS AN INTERESTING—BUT IRRELEVANT—PIECE OF LITERATURE.

be at peace with God and with each other in the totality of divine-human harmony expressed in that wonderful biblical word of blessing and of hope . . . Shalom.

A story . . . a beautiful story . . . an inspiring story. But who needs beautiful stories in a world where survival is at stake and beauty of any kind is a luxury available only to the fortunate few?

At this point I can only speak for myself, and for the vast multitude of men and women of faith who have found in this Love Story not only a record of the past, but also a power for the present; who have encountered not only the historical record of the Word of God of ancient times, but also a present, active, creative Word of God, speaking through the ancient records, calling out from the challenges of old, affecting attitudes, influencing decisions, changing lives in the here and the now.

I think of Martin Luther, whose scholarly work with ancient texts brought him face to face with the living God, and sent him forth to change the face of history. Or, in more recent days, I can point to the influence of men like Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Martin Luther King, Dag Hammarskjold, Pope John 23rd—men who demonstrated in their writings how deeply they were immersed in the Word of God as record of the past; and who demonstrated in their lives how vital this word can become when brought into living contact with the

IN VERY HUMAN TERMS, THE BIBLE TELLS IT LIKE IT IS. BUT IT ALSO TELL IT LIKE IT SHOULD BE, AND COULD BE, AND ON DAY WILL BE WHEN ITS VISION IS REALIZED.

ssues, the crises, the problems, nd the possibilities of our strife-orn world.

Rabbi Abraham Heschel, a great han speaking out of the heart of great faith—rooted perhaps nore deeply than any other in the tory of the Bible—has these ords for us:

The Bible is not an end but a beginning . . . Its being embedded in particular historical situations has not deterred it from being everlasting . . . It is not an epic about the life of heroes but the story of every man in all ages. Its topic is the world, the whole of history, containing the pattern of a constitution of a united mankind as well as guidance toward establishing such a union. It shows the way to nations as well as to individuals. It continues to scatter seeds of justice and compassion, to echo God's cry to the world and to pierce man's armor of callousness.[1]

When this happens . . . when man's armor, when my armor, of callousness is pierced by the arrows of this book, then, once again, the Living Word is spoken, the divine-human dialog is resumed, and there is hope, for me, and for mankind.

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[1]God In Search Of Man by Abraham Joshua Heschel, Harper Torchbook. Reprinted with permission from Harper and Row, publishers.

This is the final article in a series by J. Barrie Shepherd, Chaplain and Assistant Professor of Religion at Connecticut College. Other articles are: "Get It Together," "Religion: the Misery and the Mystery," "God, Our Unheavenly Father," "So You are the Christ," "The Holy Spirit, the Great Discomforter," and "The Church, or I Never Promised You a Rose Garden." Complete set of copies of YOUTH in which these articles appeared is available for $3.50.

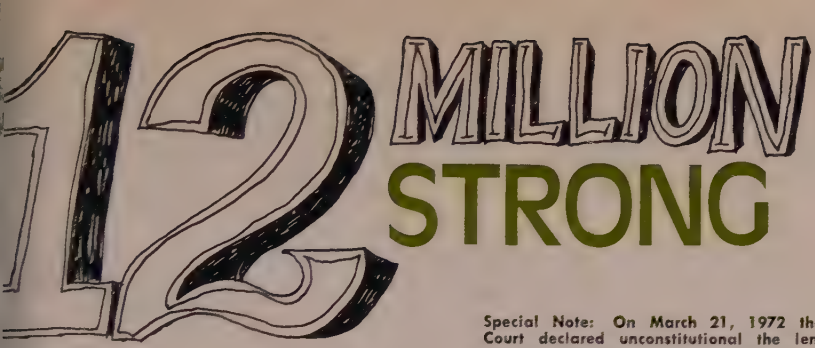
YOU'R

Will the youth vote influence the outcome of the 1972 presidential election in the U.S.? No one knows for certain. But the big questions are how many youth will register, how many will vote, and how will they cast their votes?

The full potential is nearly 12 million newly-enfranchised voters between the ages of 18 and 21. Even if seven to nine million new young voters register and vote in 1972, this constitutes about ten per cent of the projected national vote. In two of the last three presidential elections, the winner's margin was less than one per cent of the total vote. If a large majority of the young voters swing toward one of the candidates, their vote could name the winner in another close election.

But the youth vote becomes even more important when localized. For example, John Kennedy won Illinois in 1960 by 9,000 votes and Richard Nixon took Illinois in 1968 by 135,000 votes; new voters in Illinois are estimated at about 1.3 million. Any candidate who wishes to win California in 1972 must deal with the largest number of new voters in any state—nearly three million.

Will the youth vote play a vital role in 1972? One student sums it up fairly well: "I think young voters will make a difference when they realize they can make a difference."



Special Note: On March 21, 1972 the Supreme Court declared unconstitutional the lengthy residence requirements for voting in state and local elections. Check with your local registrar for up-to-date information on your state's response to this decision.

Fifty State Voter Registration Laws 1972

rther Information send for
oung Voter's Guide:

Citizenship Fund Inc.
I Street, N.W.
gton, D.C. 20037

*You have to register and vote in the State where you live—at your "home." If you're away at college, you may have a choice—where you're at school, or where your parents live. Also, you may be able to register and/or vote by mail—by "absentee ballot." The laws are confused here, so check with your local officials to make sure you've picked the right state.

**You can usually register to vote before you're 18, so long as you're 18 on the day of the election, the day before the election, or the day after the election. This differs between states—so check with your local election official.

***Absentee laws are changing. You may now be able to register by mail. Write your election official for an "absentee voting form."

le You	Register By This Deadline, Or You Can't Vote in Your Primary Election. RD=Registration Deadline P=Primary Election (all dates for 1972)	Register By This Deadline, Or You Can't Vote in the Nov. 1972 General Election. (all dates for 1972)	Here's How Long You Have to Live in Your State, County and Precinct Before They'll Let You Vote.*	You Have To Be 18 by This Date to Vote in the Primary and General Elections.** P=Primary G=General	Can You Register "Absentee" By Mail? ***	If All This Looks Weird and You Want to Know MORE, Here's Who You Write or Phone For Information From Your State.
IA	RD=Apr. 21 P=May 2	October 27	1 yr. in State, 6 mos. in county, 3 mos in precinct.	By date of registration.	No	County Board of Registration in County Seat
	RD=Aug. 7 P=Aug. 22	October 23	1 yr. in State, 30 days in precinct.	P=Aug. 22 G=Nov. 7	Yes	Lt. Governor Juneau
A	RD=Jul. 11 P=Sep. 12	September 18	1 yr. in State, 30 days in precinct.	P=Sep. 11 G=Nov. 6	Yes	County Recorder or Justice of the Peace
AS	RD=May 23 P=Jun. 13	October 17	12 mos. in State, 6 mos. in county, 1 mo. in precinct.	P=May 23 G=Nov. 6	No	County Clerk in County Seat
NIA	RD=Apr. 13 P=Jun. 6	September 14	90 days in State and county. 54 days in precinct.	P=June 5 G=Nov. 6	Yes	County Clerk in County Seat or Registration of Voters in Large Cities
DO	RD=Aug. 11 P=Sep. 12	October 6	3 mos. in State, 32 days in precinct.	P=Sep. 12 G=Nov. 7	Yes	County Clerk in County Seat, Denver Election Commission

The Fifty State Voter Registration Laws 1972

The State Where You Want to Vote*	Register By This Deadline, Or You Can't Vote in Your Primary Election. RD=Registration Deadline P=Primary Election (all dates for 1972)	Register By This Deadline, Or You Can't Vote in the Nov. 1972 General Election. (all dates for 1972)	Here's How Long You Have to Live in Your State, County and Precinct Before They'll Let You Vote.*	You Have To Be 18 by This Date to Vote in the Primary and General Elections.** P=Primary G=General	Can You Register "Absentee" By Mail? ***	If All This Weird and Want to Kn MORE, Her You Write For Informa From Your
CONNECTICUT	Nominations made by convention, not primary	October 14	6 mos. in city or town.	Nov. 6	No	Town Regist Town Clerk
DELAWARE	RD=Aug. 19 P=Sep. 9	October 21	1 yr. in State, 3 mos. in county, 30 days in precinct.	Nov. 7 for both Elections	No	Department Elections in County Seat
D. C.	RD=Apr. 3 P=May 2	October 7	No durational requirements.	Nov. 7	Yes	D.C. Board Elections
FLORIDA	RD=Feb. 12 P=Mar. 14 (Pres. only) RD=Aug. 12 P=Sep. 12	October 7	1 yr. in State, 6 mos in county.	P=Sep. 11 Mar. 13 G=Nov. 6	No	County Supe of Elections County Seat
GEORGIA	RD=Jun. 16 P=Aug. 8	September 18	1 yr. in State, 6 mos. in county.	P=Aug. 8 G=Nov. 7	No	County Regi in County Se
HAWAII	RD=Aug. 23 P=Oct. 7	October 12	1 yr. in State.	P=Oct. 6 G=Nov. 6	Yes	County Clerk County Seat
IDAHO	RD=Aug. 5 P=Aug. 8	November 4	6 mos. in State, 30 days in county.	P=Aug. 8 G=Nov. 7	Yes	County Clerk County Seat
ILLINOIS	RD=Feb. 22 P=Mar. 21	October 30	6 mos. in State.	P=Mar. 21 G=Nov. 7	—	County Clerk Election Com
INDIANA	RD=Apr. 3 P=May 2 (Pres. only)	October 9	6 mos. in State, 60 days in township, 30 days in precinst.	P=May 2 G=Nov. 7	Yes	Clerk of Cir Court or Boa of Registrati County Seat
IOWA	RD=May 27 P=June 6	October 28	6 mos. in State, 60 days in county.	P=June 6 G=Nov. 7	Yes	City Clerk o County Audi
KANSAS	RD=July 11 P=Aug. 1	October 17	6 mos. in State, 30 days in township or Ward.	Nov. 6 for Primary and General	Yes	County Clerk County Elect Commissione
KENTUCKY	RD=Mar. 28 P=May 23	September 9	1 yr. in State, 6 mos. in county, 60 days in Precinct.	P=May 23 G=Nov. 7	No	County Clerk County Seat of Registrati Commissione in City
LOUISIANA	RD=July 19 P=Aug. 19	October 7	1 yr. in State, 6 mos. in county, 3 mos. in precinct.	P=Aug. 19 G=Nov. 7	No	Parish Regis Parish Seat
MAINE	RD=varies from June 9-16 P=June 19	Deadline varies from Oct. 27 to Nov. 4	6 mos. in State, 3 mos. in county.	P=June 19 G=Nov. 7	Yes	Registrar of Board of Reg tration in To and Cities
MARYLAND	RD=Apr. 17 P=May 16	October 9	6 mos. in State, 28 days in county.	Nov. 7	No	Board of Reg in County Se
MASSACHUSETTS	RD=Mar. 25 P=Apr. 25 (Pres. only) RD=Aug. 20 P=Sep. 19	October 7	6 mos. in city or town.	P=Apr. 25 and Sep. 19 G=Nov. 7	No	City Election Commission Board of Reg tration in To

tate	Register By This Deadline, Or You Can't Vote in Your Primary Election. RD=Registration Deadline P=Primary Election (all dates for 1972)	Register By This Deadline, Or You Can't Vote in the Nov. 1972 General Election. (all dates for 1972)	Here's How Long You Have to Live in Your State, County and Precinct Before They'll Let You Vote.*	You Have To Be 18 by This Date to Vote in the Primary and General Elections.** P=Primary G=General	Can You Register "Absentee" By Mail? ***	If All This Looks Weird and You Want to Know MORE, Here's Who You Write or Phone For Information From Your State.
HIGAN	RD=Apr. 14 P=May 16 (Pres. only)	October 7	6 mos. in State, 4 weeks in township, city or village.	P=May 15 G=Nov. 6	Yes	Township, City or Village Clerk
NESOTA	RD=Aug. 22 P=Sep. 12	October 17	30 days in precinct.	P=Sep. 12 G=Nov. 7	Yes Yes	City, Village or Town Clerk
ISSIPPI	RD=May 5 P=Jun. 6	July 7	1 yr. in State and county, 6 mos. in general precinct.	P=Jun. 6 G=Nov. 7	No	Clerk of Circuit Court in County Seat
OURI	RD=July 11 P=Aug. 8	Deadline varies from Oct. 11-14 (only in some counties)	1 yr. in State, 60 days in county, 10 days in precinct.	P=Aug. 8 G=Nov. 7	No	Board of Election Commissioners in Large Cities and some Counties; County Clerk in other Counties.
NTANA	RD=Apr. 27 P=June 6	September 27	1 yr. in State, 30 days in county, 30 days in precinct, 6 mos. in city.	P=June 6 G=Nov. 7	Yes	County Clerk and Recorder in County Seat
RASKA	RD=Apr. 28 P=May 9 (Pres. only)	October 27	6 mos. in State, 40 days in county, 10 days in precinct.	P=May 9 G=Nov. 7	Yes	Election Commissioner or County Clerk in County Seat
ADA	RD=Feb. 26 P=Mar. 6 (Pres. only) RD=Aug. 5 P=Sep. 5	September 30	6 mos. in State, 30 days in county, 10 days in precinct.	P=Mar. 6 or Sep. 5 G=Nov. 7	No	County Clerk in County Seat
AMPSHIRE	RD=Mar. 4 - Mar. 13 P=Mar. 14 (Pres. only) RD=Sep. 2-11 P=Sep. 12	October 28 to November 6	6 mos. in State.	P=Mar. 6 G=Nov. 6	No (except those outside U.S.)	Board of Supervisors of the Check List in Town
JERSEY	RD=Apr. 27 P=June 6 (Pres. only)	September 28	6 mos. in State, 40 days in county.	Nov. 7	No	Superintendent of Elections or Secty. of County Election Board in County Seat
MEXICO	RD=Apr. 25 P=June 6 (Pres. only)	September 26	12 mos. in State, 90 days in county, 30 days in precinct.	P=June 6 G=Nov. 7	Yes	County Clerk in County Seat
YORK	RD=June 9 P=June 20 (Pres. only)	October 14	3 mos. in State, county or village; 10 days in precinct.	P=June 20 G=Nov. 7	Yes	Inspector of Election in County Seat
CAROLINA	RD=Apr. 7 P=May 6 (Pres. only)	October 9	1 yr. in State, 30 days in county.	Nov. 7	No	Registrar in County Seat
TH DAKOTA	P=Sep. 5	No registration in North Dakota	1 yr. in State, 90 days in county, 30 days in precinct.	P=Sep. 5 G=Nov. 7	—	—
	RD=Apr. 2 P=May 2 (Pres. only)	September 27	6 mos. in State, 40 days in county, 40 days in precinct.	P=May 2 G=Nov. 7	No	County Board of Elections in County Seat

The Fifty State Voter Registration Laws 1972

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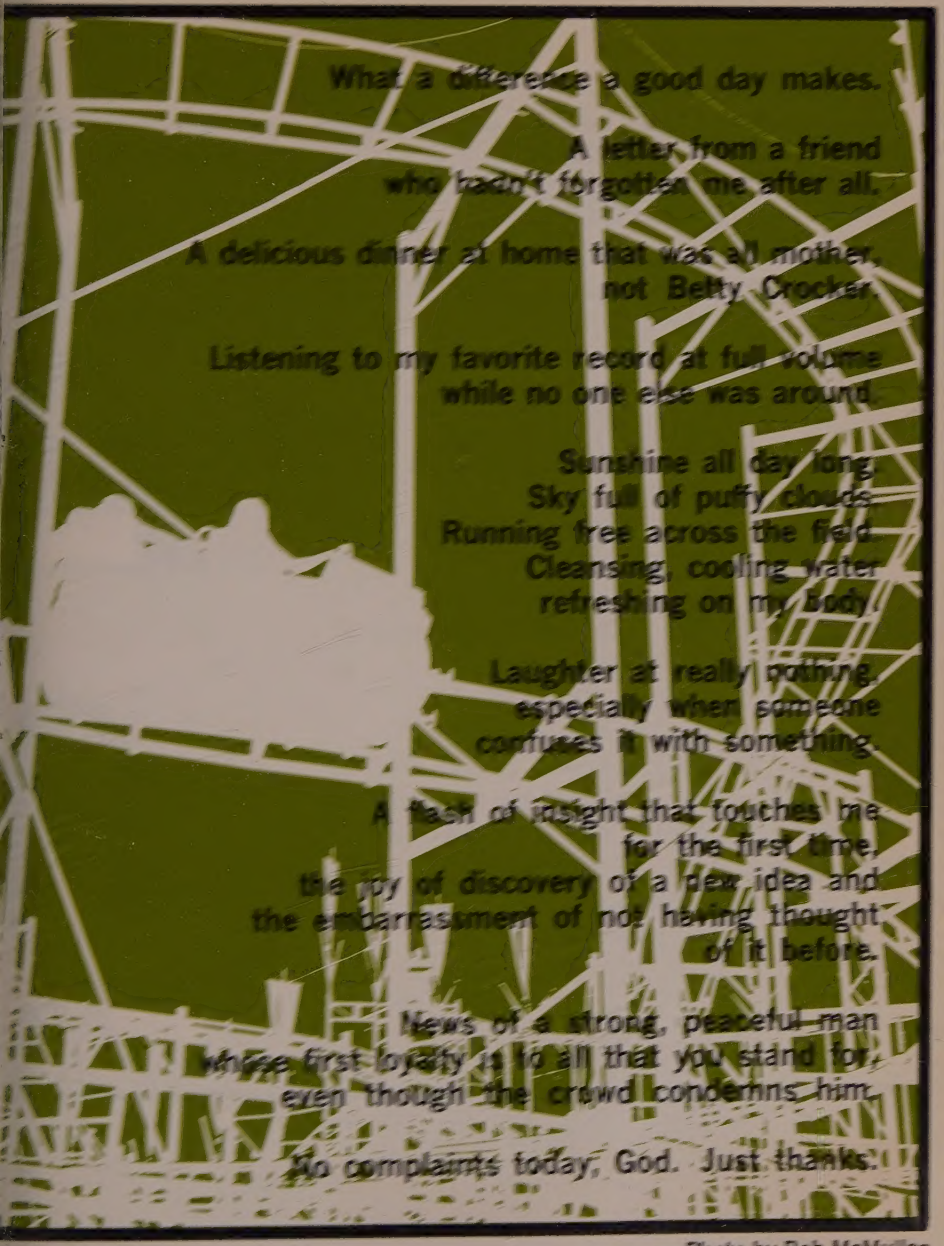
OKLAHOMA	RD=Aug. 11 P=Aug. 22	October 27	6 mos. in State, 2 mos. in county, 20 days in precinct.	P=Aug. 22 G=Nov. 7	No	County Elec... Board in Co... Seat
OREGON	RD=Apr. 22 P=May 23 (Pres. only)	October 7	6 mos. in State.	P=May 23 G=Nov. 7	Yes	Registrar in ... County Seat
PENNSYLVANIA	RD=Mar. 6 P=Apr. 25 (Pres. only)	September 16	90 days in State, 60 days in county and precinct.	P=Apr. 26 G=Nov. 8	No	County Com... in County Se... Registration ... Commission
RHODE ISLAND	RD=Feb. 11 P=Apr. 11 (Pres. only) RD=July 14 P=Sept. 12	September 7	1 yr. in State, 6 mos. in town or city.	P=Apr. 11 or Sept. 12 G=Nov. 7	No	Town Canva... Authority
SO. CAROLINA	RD=May 13 P=June 13	October 7	1 yr. in State, 6 mos. in county, 3 mos. in precinct.	P=June 12 G=Nov. 6	No	County Boar... Registration ... County Seat
SOUTH DAKOTA	RD=May 22 P=June 6 (Pres. only)	October 23	5 yrs. in U.S., 180 days in State, 90 days in county, 30 days in precinct.	P=June 6 G=Nov. 7	Yes	County Audi... County Seat
TENNESSEE	RD=Apr. 4 P=May 4 (Pres. only) RD=July 3 P=Aug. 3	October 6	No durational requirements.	P=Nov. 6 G=Nov. 7	Yes	Registrar-at-... in County Se...
TEXAS	RD=Apr. 15 P=May 6	October 7	1 yr. in State, 6 mos. in country, city or town.	P=May 6 G=Nov. 7	Yes	County Tax ... Collector in ... Seat
UTAH	RD=Sep. 1 P=Sep. 12	October 27	6 mos. in State, 60 days in county.	P=Sep. 12 G=Nov. 7	Yes	County Clerk ... County Seat
VERMONT	RD=Sep. 9 P=Sep. 12	November 4	1 yr. in State, 90 days in town.	P=Sept. 12 G=Nov. 7	No	Town, City ... Village Cler...
VIRGINIA	RD=May 13 P=June 13	October 7	6 mos. in State, 30 days in precinct.	Nov. 7	No	General regi... of County or... autonomous ...
WASHINGTON	RD=Aug. 19 P=Sep. 19	October 7	1 yr. in State, 90 days in county, 30 days in precinct.	P=Sep. 19 G=Nov. 7	Yes	County audi... County Seat
WEST VIRGINIA	RD=Apr. 8 P=May 9 (Pres. only)	October 7	1 yr. in State, 60 days in county.	P=May 10 G=Nov. 8	Yes	Clerk of Cou... Court in Cou... Seat
WISCONSIN	RD=Mar. 15 or 22 (varies) P=Apr. 4 (Pres. only) RD=Aug. 23 or 30 P=Sep. 12	October 18 or 25	6 mos. in State, 10 days in precinct.	P=Apr. 4 or Sept. 12 G=Nov. 7	Yes	City or Coun... Board of Ele... Commission ... Town, Villa... City Clerks ... Election Com...
WYOMING	RD=Aug. 7 P=Aug. 22	October 23	1 yr. in State, 60 days in county, 10 days in precinct.	P=Aug. 22 G=Nov. 7	Yes	City or Coun... Clerk



—Photo by Bob McMullen

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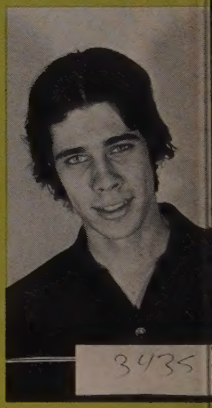

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